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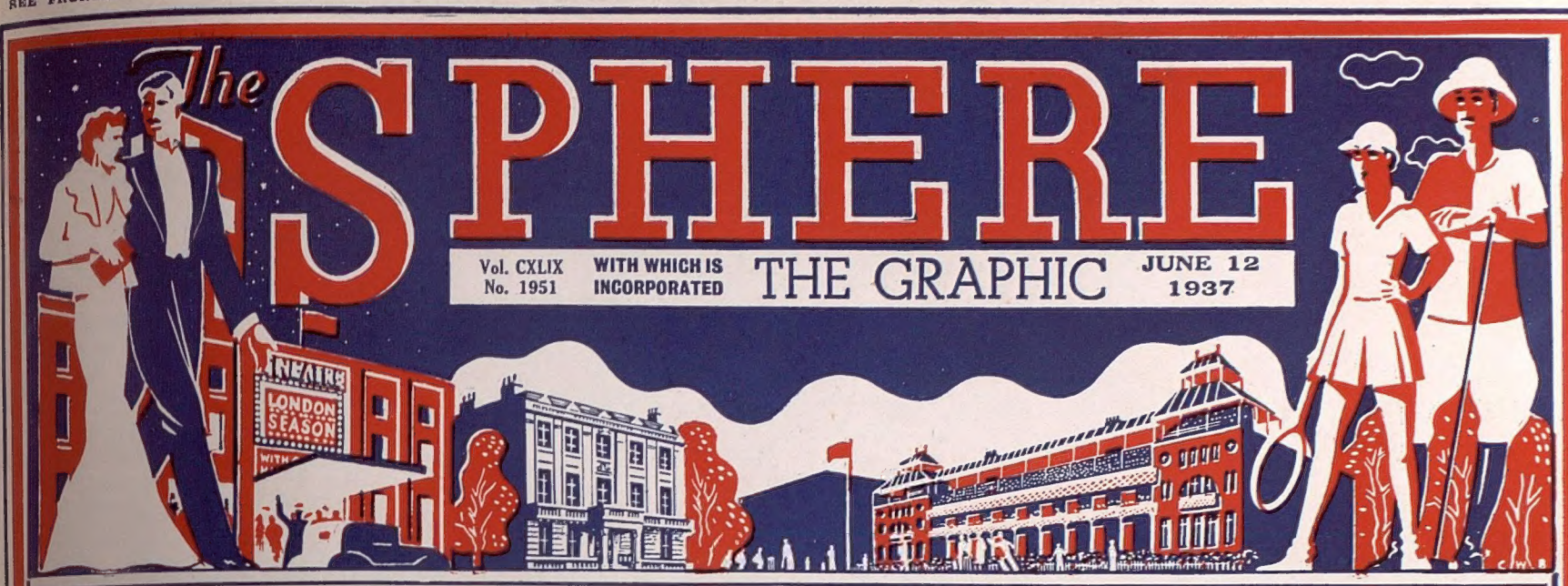

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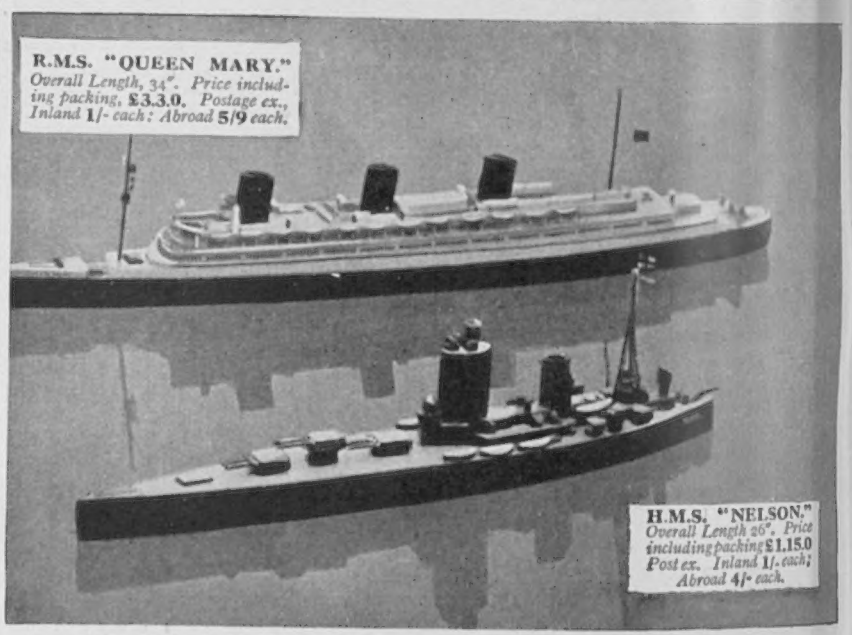

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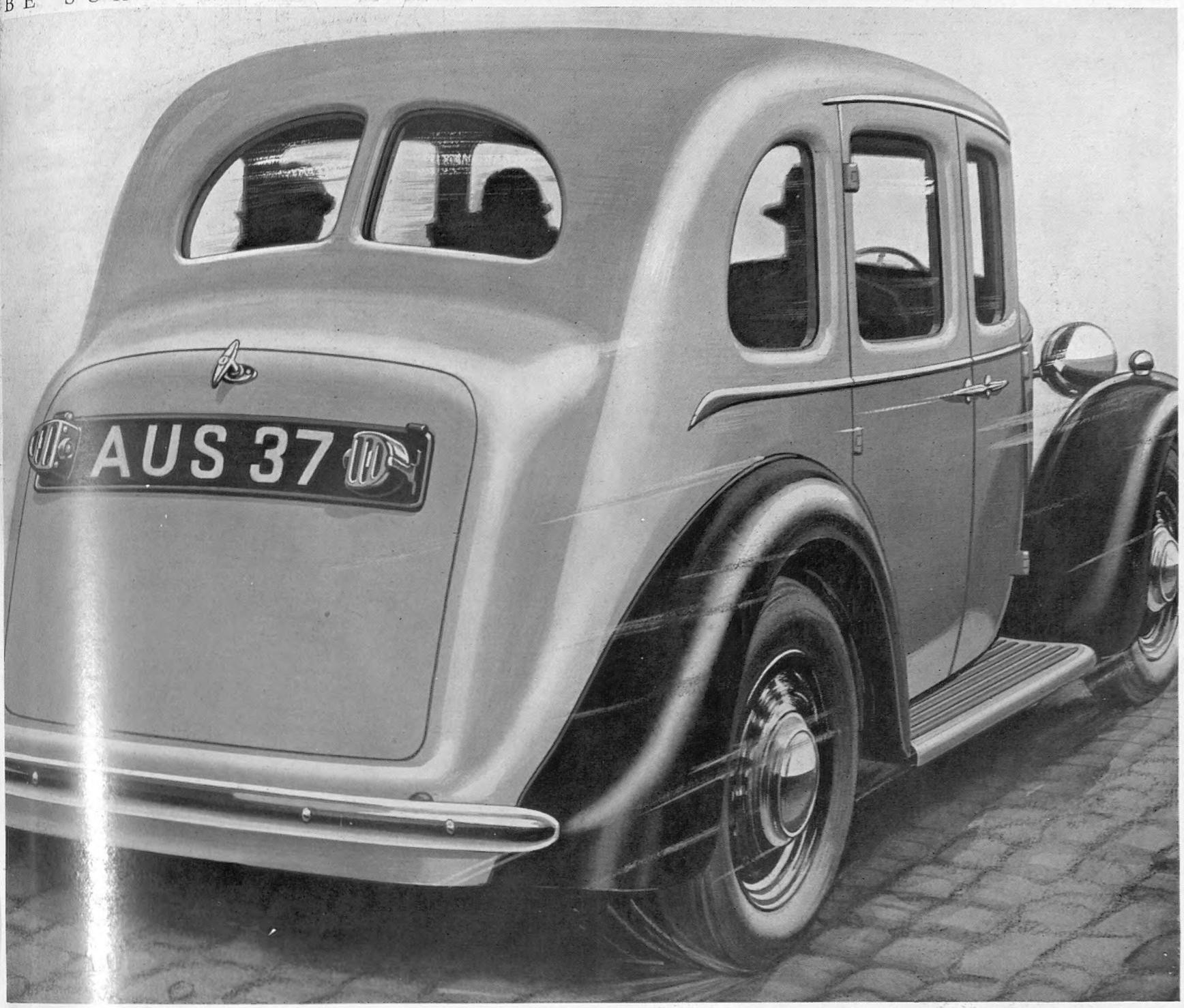

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We have a wonderful collection of Parasols. The Model Parasol illustrated is designed for Ascot, and is in black and white lace. **59/6**

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Ideal for Ascot are these attractive white Sandal Bar Shoes, trimmed in contrasting colour. In blue, brown, and black suède. **63/-**

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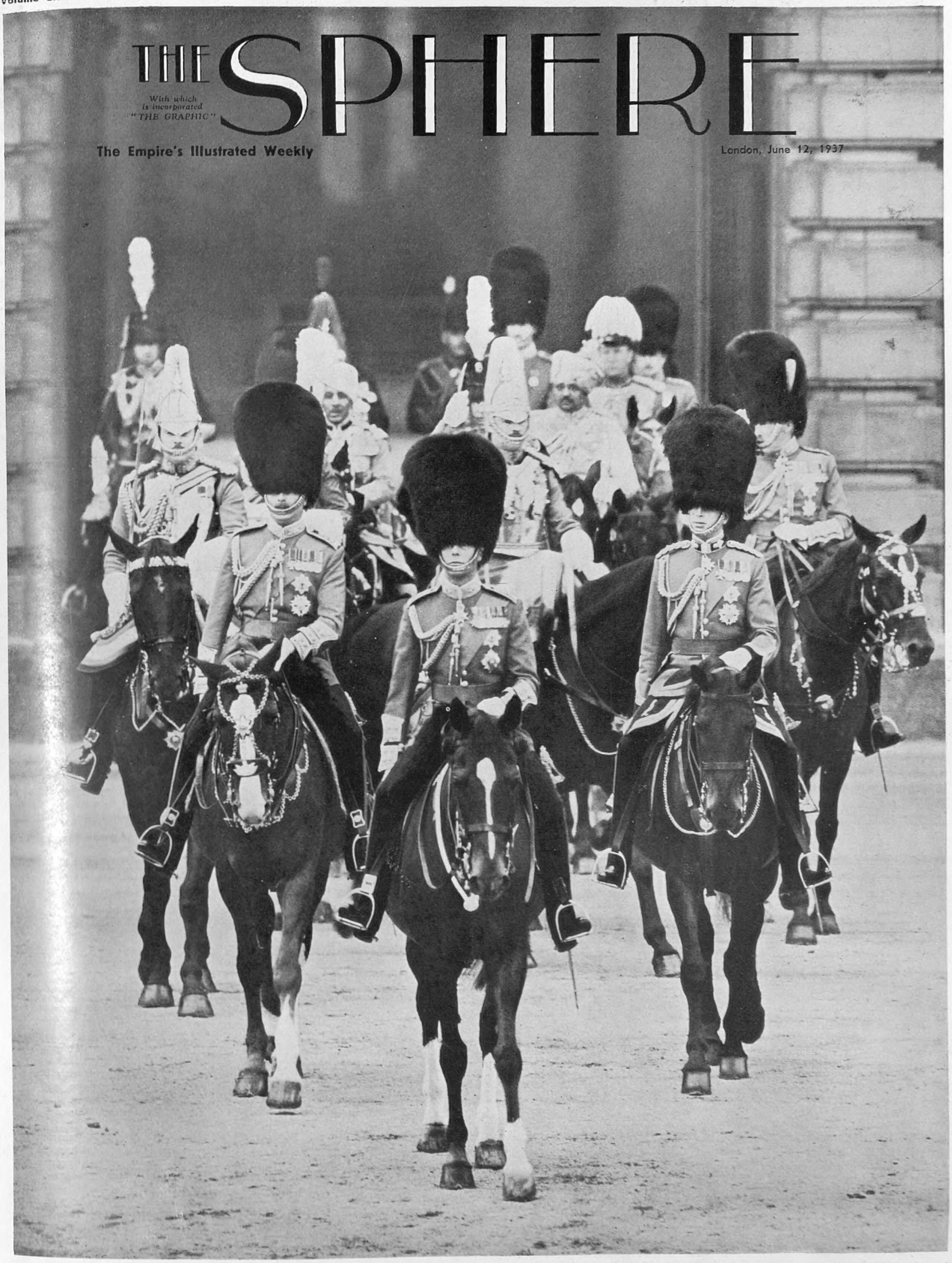

TROOPING THE COLOUR

The King, Accompanied by the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent, Rides from the Palace to the Ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade

The King's Colour has for centuries been the rallying point of the King's men and the ceremony of its trooping in honour of the monarch's birthday, that wonderful ritual that has evolved in the course of years from the Pope's blessing of the standard William the Conqueror bore at Hastings, without doubt constitutes England's most brilliant display of military pageantry. Last Wednesday's ceremony on the great square of the Horse Guards Parade was of more than usual significance, however, for it was the first of the new reign, and fortune, favouring the Royal occasion, granted a morning of sunshine for the event. His Majesty, whose birthday actually falls on December 14 but who has fixed June 9 as the day of its official celebration by the services, wore the scarlet and gold uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Brigade of Guards as he rode from the Palace and down the Mall accompanied by the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent and followed by his Indian Aides-de-Camp. Waiting for him on the parade ground were eighty-five officers and 1,856 men of the Brigade of Guards under Major-General Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, G.O.C. London District, and watching the ceremony from a balcony were the Queen, Queen Mary, and the little Princesses

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

"WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, BUT . . .": Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, promoted from Minister of Transport to Secretary of State for War in the Cabinet reshuffle following Earl Baldwin's resignation, pictured as he arrived at the War Office for his first day's work. In a subsequent speech to constituents at Devonport, the first he had made since his appointment, Mr. Hore-Belisha said he was pacifically minded, but was glad to have the opportunity to strengthen the country's defences. "We have tried to obtain world peace by example," he continued. "We scrapped our best ships. We disbanded many regiments of our army, and we let our Air Force sink from being one of the strongest in Europe to the seventh. Did that make for any degree of peace in the world? On the contrary people thought that the British Empire was effete and not prepared to defend its own interests and responsibilities"

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, June 9, 1937.

A SHAKY START.—Mr. Chamberlain has had time to turn round and time to reflect (as has the public) on the opening weeks of his premiership. He holds one of the six highest posts of responsibility, honour, and power in Christendom. It is generally felt that he made a shaky and unfortunate start. It was due in some measure to bad luck, in some measure to divided responsibility, in some measure to over-haste that the public received the composition of his Cabinet critically, and that his surrender to a general outcry against his N.D.C. laid him open to a charge of vacillation or lack of preparation. Many batsmen on "sticky wickets" go to their centuries after shaky starts. No reason why Mr. Chamberlain should not do so. We may with restraint and profit examine the shakiness. Criticism of the composition of the Cabinet was levelled principally at the changes made in two departments, specially important during re-armament on an appalling scale and at high pressure. At a vital juncture he chose to take Sir Samuel Hoare away, for technical "promotion," from the Admiralty, scrapping his experience painfully acquired by some months of concentrated hard work. He chose to transfer Mr. Duff Cooper from the War Office to the Admiralty. Now, Mr. Duff Cooper has had quite a long time in which to understand the intricate problems and procedure of the War Office. It is a bad moment in which to swap horses. If Mr. Duff Cooper has made a success of it as Secretary for War, all logic called for his retaining the post and usefully employing the experience gained in that office sometimes no doubt from initial errors. If he has been a failure, justice, patriotism, and statesmanship demanded that he should be dropped from the Cabinet. Without expressing any opinion on Mr. Duff Cooper's measure of success at the War Office, the arguments against his transfer to the Admiralty seem convincing and overwhelming, either way. Mr. Hore-Belisha has his office. Mr. Hore-Belisha no doubt deserves promotion and a change of office may be healthy. There is no reason at all to question his chance of success as War Secretary. People in the army pulled very long faces over the appointment of Lawyer Haldane, I remember. They ate their words of pessimism. But it takes some months to learn the ropes, and those months must be wasted at a vital time. Other appointments were judged, by comparison, of less importance as grounds for serious criticism. Those referred to still remain subjects of sharp criticism and frequent discussion. As for the N.D.C. "surrender," let us at once dismiss the criticism that Mr. Chamberlain surrendered to "big business." He bowed before the gale which swept from every quarter, big and small, right and left, political and industrial. The scrapped tax was clumsy, crude, expensive to collect, vague and certain to result in injustices and to open wide doors to evasion—while in theory it was democratic and based on "fair play and no favours." Surrender is often more courageous than obstinacy. It must be accepted that under intense pressure of business Mr. Chamberlain accepted the "idea" of one or two of his permanent advisers, never found time himself to examine its implications or to test it for effective working, and blindly fathered it in his Budget proposals. As a result he made his successor, Sir John Simon, look every sort of a fool. He bowed down before a "one day" queen and then kicked her off the throne. Yes, it has been a shaky start.

LONDONERS MAKE FOR THE COUNTRY: Cyclists basking in the sunshine on Box Hill—famed Surrey beauty spot—during last week-end, when brilliantly fine weather was experienced throughout the central and south-eastern parts of England, temperature being well above the average for June, at one resort reaching a maximum of 82 degrees. Many places enjoyed about fifteen hours of uninterrupted sunshine

RETIREMENT IS CATCHING.—Earl Baldwin's example is catching. Several "young men" in high positions are following his example to general surprise. It seems impossible to believe that Mr. Justice Talbot has done "fifteen years hard" on the Bench, but so it is. He has been a good judge, too. He did not talk much and although he is famous for his *social* conservatism, he was never bigoted or crusty and was a liberal as well as an upright and a learned judge. Thus two High Court Judges resigned within a week, Mr. Justice Horridge the first. Sir George Talbot is only seventy-six and his retirement followed close on the death of his much younger brother, Jack, of the Board of Education, who was a great favourite among young and old and devoted to music. Mr. Justice Horridge was just on eighty and passed the idea of retirement on to (of all people) the Bishop of London. He is also just on eighty and in 1939 will have completed half a century of work in London and thirty-six as Bishop of London—a record surely. In his eightieth year, Dr. Winnington Ingram is a doughty opponent in a squash court or on the hockey field, as Radley and other boys know to their cost in shin ointment. Dr. Tommy Strong, Bishop of Oxford and only seventy-five, caught the infection from Fulham and announced his retirement this autumn. A famous Oxford figure, I remember him vividly as Dean of Christ Church. Mr. MacDonald's friends will rejoice that his retirement is to be sweetened still more by another example of the forethought of his old friend, Sir Alexander Grant. Mr. MacDonald is to enjoy for life the income from £40,000.

MRS. MILLER'S 1,000 to 1 CHANCE.—Dreams sometimes come true—not often, since dreams are, when cheerful, blushingly rosy. I doubt if Mrs. Miller even dared to dream the possibilities that might come to her in the latter part of June 2, 1937. She is twenty-eight years old, she is a beginner. She is not even a regular racegoer. She has owned only four racehorses, having but a year ago inherited the means to indulge this expensive taste. Her jockey, Michael Beary, had never before won the Derby, and F. S. Butters, her trainer, though greatly experienced, had never won a classic. Her colt was "nobly born" (by Solario) but he was not fancied, being in the "middle class" of the betting at 100 to 7. True, it was an open Derby, but among the giants her colt was a minnow. It is safe to say she never dreamed that at 3.15 on that delicious summer day her name would be on every tongue, and that at dinner time she would be the toast of her Sovereign and fifty of the elect of the Jockey Club, and that she would have pulled off for her sex a new and intoxicating record, and have donned the blue ribbon for which premiers and dukes and millionaires have sighed in vain. She is Mrs. Golden Miller. She did not lose her head; she drove home to dine with her mother (who shares her fame as mother of Fortune's favourite and part-owner of the instrument of Fate) and her husband. So that perfect Derby Day—a record in weather and racing history and feminism and jollity—was Ladies' Day at Epsom antedated. For Mrs. Nagle must also be remembered as the owner of Sandsprite, which finished second. The ladies—God bless 'em—swept the board, and everybody (with a few very gentlemanly and politely disguised exceptions) were delighted—bookies included.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.—H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor was married last week and we may be grateful, as no doubt were he and his family,

that a high degree of moderation was observed in the recording of this event in the Press. The truth is, the whole subject had reached saturation and satiation point, and even the most empty-headed and insatiable sensation-hunters now admit it. As I ventured to point out many weeks ago, the precedent of the Duke of Sussex's second marriage to Lady Cecilia Underwood was worthy of the attention of those who were considering the vexed question of titles for the Duke's wife. That precedent has been followed very closely. Lady Cecilia some years after the marriage was created by Queen Victoria Duchess of Inverness (the Duke was Earl of Inverness) with precedence after the junior Duchess in the peerage, and no right to the title of "Royal Highness" or "Highness" or any other royal title or designation. The wedding of the Duke of Windsor, which took place on the birthday of George V, was simple and private, as was fitting; there was the short civil and a religious ceremony, and after it the Duke and Duchess left for Carinthia, after issuing an appeal to the Press for continued observance of their right to comparative privacy and peace. A hint has been dropped from high quarters, and we all hope that Royalty-sensationalism will be out of fashion for some time.

A MEMORY OF HATFIELD.—It is a comfort to know that the Coronation season has handsomely removed the Old Country's reproach in the matter of repaying the grand hospitality of the Dominions and Colonies. Thousands of overseas visitors will return home with a new conception of Britain and the British character. We have shaken off our natural shyness and under admirable organisation have at last shown what British hospitality can do and be. Our hearts were always warm, our desire to welcome was always there, but hitherto we have failed to show these virtues. This summer at least and at last we have shown what British hospitality can do. Scores of our old country houses have offered a true, a warm, an intimate welcome to overseas visitors who, returning home, will retain the most colourful recollections of our hospitality in town and country. Unforgettable days were spent at Arundel and Sutton Place. None will be more prized than the memory of the great reception at Hatfield House on May 29. It was indeed a memorable scene inside and outside that famous house on the loveliest May day in decades. It was an afternoon of piquant contrasts and stimulating sights. The new world drinking tea in the old palace which sheltered the youth of Queen Elizabeth. Exotic and incredibly lovely Sultanas from the East, in their picturesque finery, studying the Tudor portraits in the great dining hall; delighted adventurers from every country in the old and new world, from Boston to Yokohama, from Hudson Bay to Malaya, from Austria to Australia, met each other in the twists and bag's-ends of the famous maze, and were to be met with under the fine old trees bordering the deer park. It was a scene of loveliness and contrasts, carrying ineffaceable memories.

AIR REGULATION.—Nothing can stop the progress of aviation—certainly not the deaths of pioneers. Nothing stopped (or could have stopped) the progress of the motor car from the "steam-roller" stage to the present stage of speed and perfection. But looking back on the tragic history of the road over three decades, we clearly see what horrors might have been avoided if one man of vision in a Government or in the roll of Transport Ministers had seen ahead, and planned ahead, and enforced a resolute policy of modernised road and cross-road construction with an eye rather on the safety than on the "liberty" of the subject. Civil aviation is still in the earlier stage and farsighted policy and regulation are still possible and very urgent. We can still do something to prevent the tragedy of the air as we might have prevented some of the tragedy of the road. The Empire Day horrors have brought it home to us. Nearly forty civil aerodromes staged shows, more or less rehearsed, on Empire Day, and in full view of a shocked public a large number of fliers met their deaths. So did an innocent person unconnected with flying. It is claimed by some that the Service air displays are better rehearsed, and that greater precautions are taken. The R.A.F. toll in life has been terrible of late. Civil aviation and Service aviation are doubtless in different categories, and more special precautions to safeguard the public in Civil aviation are needed. While it is impossible to prevent by legal regulations a Civil flyer from taking certain risks for himself, authority does step in to safeguard by careful examination and regulation the lives of his passengers. But hitherto little has been done to deal with the question—which will grow in seriousness—of the risks inherent in flying to the lives and property of persons who do not fly at all. Above all, these risks attach to householders and houses in the immediate vicinity of aerodromes. A day will come no doubt when the building of houses within a certain distance of aerodromes will be forbidden, and vice versa. Meanwhile, aerodromes exist and spring up in dangerous proximity to private residences, and it is quite clear that a policy of vision for Civil aviation is urgently necessary to meet this and other problems which will soon become first-class scandals.

BEAUFORT CASTLE.—The home of the Lovats—the headquarters of Clan Fraser—is largely destroyed by fire. Some of the west wing and the chapel were saved and most of the relics (which are naturally of great local and historical interest) and the pictures are saved. "Records of the chase," fine heads and so forth, are destroyed but matter less. Now, the stronghold of those famous Frasers was no architectural treasure. It was Scottish Baronial of 1870, a terrible style and date and it was perfectly hideous. One or two other of the big houses in that neighbourhood are of the same style and date, and are not either livable-in or ornamental. Beaufort was a white elephant and it is to be hoped will rise again more convenient and suitable to its environment from its ashes. Thus good may come out of bad and the best of the treasures will, I hope, be more fittingly enshrined. Certainly no one to-day would contemplate such architecture, as has been destroyed, in such a setting as Beauly. The late Lord Lovat did much to improve and beautify the estate but the old home of the family where the Old Fox, the eleventh and unlawful Lord, planned so many of his villainies, was Castle Downie. He suffered on Tower Hill and his deeds are better forgot, but I am glad his relics are saved from destruction.

MODERNISING HASLEMERE.—A correspondent prays THE SPHERE'S powerful influence to arrest the destruction of what remains of Haslemere's charm and amenity. Those who remember what Haslemere had to offer in those lines only ten years ago, may well rub their eyes and wonder if the transformation to modernity is in the category of a certain kind of dream. My correspondent stresses just now the "modernisation" of Haslemere's charming lanes—Threegates and Tanners, in which beautiful old oaks and beeches and hedgerows are being removed for town planning needs and traffic and speed improvement. What would you have? Haslemere is only one of a thousand once lovely spots which have been "modernised" by civic zeal. Its local authority is set in office by one of two forces—the will of the majority or the apathy of the majority. One is irresistible and t'other incurable. It is only because Haslemere was once so lovely that the contrast is so specially bitter. It must be assumed that the articulate majority in Haslemere approves the modern development of Sunvale and Shottermill, and the "improvement" of the old lanes for motor speeding, just as on the South Coast a majority sponsors a continuous bungaloid ribbon which blocks all access to the sea from Margate to Bournemouth. The public has the Government it deserves and for ten years and more its elected directors have zealously practised their slogan "public convenience"—*mot juste.*

PARKING ON COMMONS.—Once more, now the open road season is in full swing, a word of reminder to those who take their cars off the high-road on to the commons and downs. Once a month in summer it is my disagreeable duty with brother magistrates to fine scores of pleasant, decent, "law abiding" young people who have for excellent reasons taken their cars off the road and parked them on the commons and downs, while they ate their luncheons or looked at the view or pursued other admirable recreations. The conviction and fine always pain them. They have the soundest and most admirable reasons for doing what they did. They are furious with the "nosey-parker" P.C. for his interference and complain that there should be a notice board to say "You mustn't park here." Then we old Muddlecombes, J.P., patiently explain that it has been "the law of the land" for some years that no motor car may be taken on to the common lands for a distance of more than 15 yards from the highway; that every motorist must be presumed to know the law before he ventures out; that it is no question of a *local* by-law and that, if it were, it would be impossible to cover every square yard of English common-land and down-land with warning notices, which motorists usually deface, stone, and break down in lighthearted sport. *Ignorantia legis haud excusat*—the old dog-Latin tag is reasonable because it is essential. And the law about commons-parking is sound also. There are thousands of motorists who would turn Chanctonbury into a speed track without a glimmer of shame. Why won't these young people learn the laws which affect motorists? Why must we old fossils fine these innocents (and earn their dislike) for doing what seems so reasonable, so sensible, and so harmless? I wonder how many thousand pounds a year Surrey and Sussex alone levy in these fines for parking offences on commons.

THE OLD STAGER

A LAST FAREWELL TO No. 10: A portrait of Countess Baldwin being taken from Downing Street when the ex-Premier's household effects were removed to make way for those of Mr. Chamberlain. Earl Baldwin's town house is at 69, Eaton Square

LONDON'S SHEEP PART WITH THEIR WINTER COATS: Men from Dursley, Gloucestershire, engaged in the mechanical shearing of the flock belonging to an Essex farmer which grazes in Hyde Park, the Green Park, and Kensington Gardens, helping through the year to keep the grass neatly cropped. Electrically driven machines were used and each of the 400 fleeces was removed in an average time of five minutes. The sheep were glad to get rid of their wool, for they were shorn later than usual on account of the Coronation

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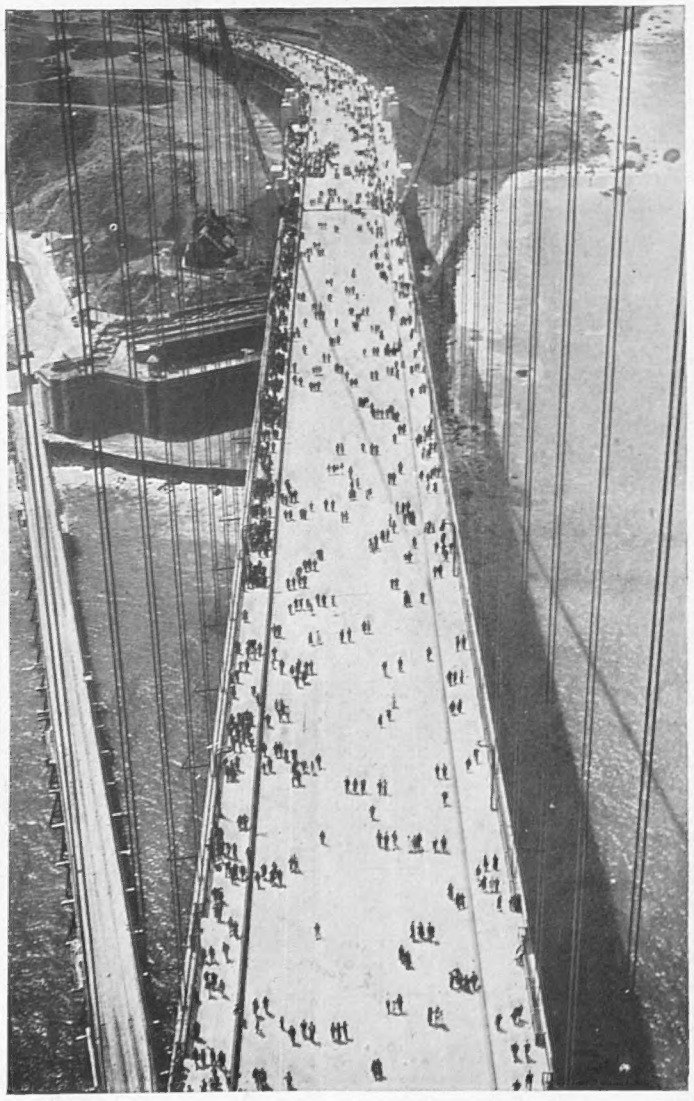
E.R.A., cornering at spe
record for the classic
time for the 1,000 yds.



SAN FRANCISCO'S SECOND NEW BRIDGE: An overhead view of the carriageway as pedestrians (cars were banned on this day) walked across the new 4,200 ft. cantilever bridge at the Golden Gate following its inauguration. This giant structure of concrete and steel provides a link between the city and Marin Peninsula

ISLAM IN LONDON: The Prince of Berar, son and heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad, laying the foundation stone of the new Nizamiah Mosque in Mornington Avenue, West Kensington, to the cost of which he has contributed £60,000. Many Muhammadans attended

THE ROME—BERLIN "AXIS": Field-Marshal von Blomberg, Germany's Defence Minister, and Signor Mussolini about to take a flight together over the reclaimed Pontine marshlands during the former's visit to Italy which has been the subject of such speculation. It is affirmed that the visit is connected with no actual military pact

A SEVERE BLOW TO REB
General Mola as he lay
was killed in an aeropl
leading the successful
directing operation

RLD

vey

Raymond Mays, dri[illegible]g his when breaking hi[illegible] own ley Walsh hill climb. Mays' steep road was 39.0[illegible] secs.

THE MEDWAY BARGE RACE: The thirty-five-year old boat *Sara* (nearest camera), owned by Messrs. Everard, in the wake of some of her rivals before going on to win the contest held last week-end over a course from Gillingham to the Mouse light-vessel and back. Throughout the race some splendid sailing was seen, but towards the end *Sara* drew ahead, keeping her lead through the tortuous reaches of the Medway and finally passing the post ten minutes to the good. It was a veritable triumph as on the previous Thursday she had also come in first in the Thames Race

HOPES: Guards standing beside the coffin bearing the remains of [illegible] state at Burgos prior to the funeral at Pamplona. The General, who [illegible] accident, had played a leading part in the rebel campaign in Spain, [illegible] long drawn out attack on Irun earlier in the Civil War, and latterly [illegible] against the Basque stronghold of Bilbao. He was a brilliant strategist

POLICE AND STRIKERS COME INTO COLLISION: The scene outside the Republican Steel Corporation's factory in South Chicago as 2,000 demonstrators, who were attempting to march on the plant, were about to be repulsed with clubs, tear-gas, and guns. The battle resulted in four people being killed and nineteen seriously injured. Conditions in the United States steel industry have been rapidly deteriorating, and clashes have been frequent, particularly between blacklegs and strikers

LEARNER? The Mayor of West Ham (Mrs. Daisy Parsons) seen at the wheel of the first trolley-bus to leave the garage when inaugurating the new West Ham service, which will be the largest in London employing this type of vehicle

TWO NOTABLE APPOINTMENTS: *Left*—Mr. F. J. Wrottesley, K.C., pictured in his robes after being sworn in at the House of Lords as a Judge of the King's Bench, where he succeeds Mr. Justice Talbot. *Right*— Earl de la Warr, former Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, who following the re-shuffle enters the new Cabinet as the Lord Privy Seal

HOLLYWOOD FASHION DICTATOR IN TOWN: Adrian, who is responsible for the dress styles worn by leading film stars, came to London this week for a short stay

TAKING COMMAND OF THE "QUEEN MARY": Captain J. C. Townley who, owing to the illness of Captain Peel, is in charge of the liner during her present voyage

Britain's Film Industry in the Doldrums
—AND THE WAY OUT

THERE have been many wild rumours lately as to the state of the British film industry, and in particular as to the steps which the Government proposes to take to prevent its imminent collapse, if not its early demise.

No one, of course, can deny that the British film industry is about as sick as it can be, but the intended legislation will be born neither of panic nor despair. It will simply form a natural sequence to the Cinematograph Films Act, 1927, which, deliberately designed to cover a period of ten years only, is now lapsing.

The Act of 1927 was restricted in the period it was to cover, because it had been bitterly opposed and was by many regarded as a highly dangerous experiment. It operated mainly in respect to renters, or distributors of the films, and exhibitors. Whether the renting houses or the exhibitors were of British or foreign origin or of an alien organisation practising in Great Britain, did not matter. The main principles of the Act, put briefly, were to endeavour to restrict unfair competition.

As from certain specified dates all renters had to include a gradually increasing quota of films of purely British origin. For the year ending March 31, 1929, that quota was 7½ per cent. In 1930 it was increased to 10 per cent. and so, on a calculated sliding scale, it has been increased until it is now 20 per cent. An almost identical sliding scale was put into force in respect to exhibitors.

As to what constitutes a British film, the Act laid it down that the scenario must be written by a British subject, that the film must be made by a British subject or a British company, and that it must be made in a British studio. Furthermore, the Act laid it down that—

it shall be lawful for the Board of Trade to relax this requirement in any case where they are satisfied that the maker had taken all reasonable steps to secure compliance with the requirement, and that his failure to comply therewith was occasioned by exceptional circumstances beyond his control, but so that such power of relaxation shall not permit of the percentage aforesaid being less than 70 per cent.

The italics are mine, but anyone can see with half an eye the loopholes available to an unscrupulous foreign invader.

Such, in any case, were the main provisions of the Act of 1927. Many of the British renting houses which dealt exclusively with American films, protested that they would be ruined. British exhibitors wailed that they would have to shut down because British producers were quite hopeless and, anyhow, the British public did not want to see British films, even if they could see them for nothing.

There were, of course, some wiser renters and exhibitors than these; but the only people who were thoroughly delighted were the British producers. They could not agree that the Act went far enough, but they were at least united on the ground that the Act did give them heart of grace; and they said, gallantly enough, that they would show the world what they could do under even this small measure of protection.

Things were obviously not going to be easy because the American houses, who have throughout wanted the whole of the British market, were furious, and were prepared to make things as difficult as possible.

The story of the ten years of the British film industry under the Act of 1927 is indeed an astonishing one. It is a story of a really epic struggle carried on in almost impossible circumstances. Still, two years or so ago, when the stubborn American market was accepting a British film here and there, the enthusiasts on this side of the Atlantic were shouting that victory for the British film was in sight at last. Then came an unexpected series of setbacks which culminated in the sudden closing of Gaumont's great studios at Shepherd's Bush. Since then British production has continued to slump.

The turn of the tide from approaching victory to what at the moment appears to be almost complete disaster, would not perhaps have swung so sharply but for the determined and seemingly concerted action of the American film magnates. These gentlemen, whereas they had at first jeered to think that British producers could make any headway against them, presently became uneasy and sent over emissaries who managed to some extent to shape events; and they were becoming a little less alarmed when depression overwhelmed the United States.

Drastic economies had to be enforced in the Hollywood studios, with the result that the American product became noticeably less finished than it had been. That did much to help some of the better of the British films along their way. For the first time the British public began to see British films which they liked. It must, however, be placed to the credit of the American film industry that it pulled itself together more quickly than any other industry in the United States. It called up its vast resources and countered the British effort not only with unprecedented energy of production but such superiority of strategy and tactics that the British film forces were again borne back.

Desperate though the situation seems to-day, it is, in fact, not nearly so utterly without hope as it was before 1927. For instance, the very fact that there is an Act on the Statute Book designed for the British industry's assistance, and that that Act is worked in close co-operation with the Board of Trade, do at least show that British Governments are aware of the industry's existence; and the necessity for further legislation has kept the industry within Governmental purview.

Not only that, but a vast amount of unseen spade work has been done. The Federation of British Industries—with which the film industry now co-operates—has never ceased to hammer away at the fact that the film industry is "a worth while industry" not only as a means of finding employment but from the point of British prestige. Having regard to the enormous growth of the film in educational matters and for purposes of propaganda abroad, no British Government of to-day or of the future can afford to let the home industry die. On the contrary, it is almost forced to see to it that it becomes very much alive.

The film is becoming of more and more importance to the Empire in the presentation of British aims and ideals; and things were promising well, when Dr. Leslie Burgin was transferred from the Board of Trade to become Minister of Transport. Dr. Burgin had taken a great interest in British films. Fortunately, Mr. Oliver Stanley, now President of the Board of Trade, came from the Ministry of Education where he had long understood and insisted on the educational value of films in schools. He therefore comes to the Board of Trade with some knowledge of what the British film industry should be.

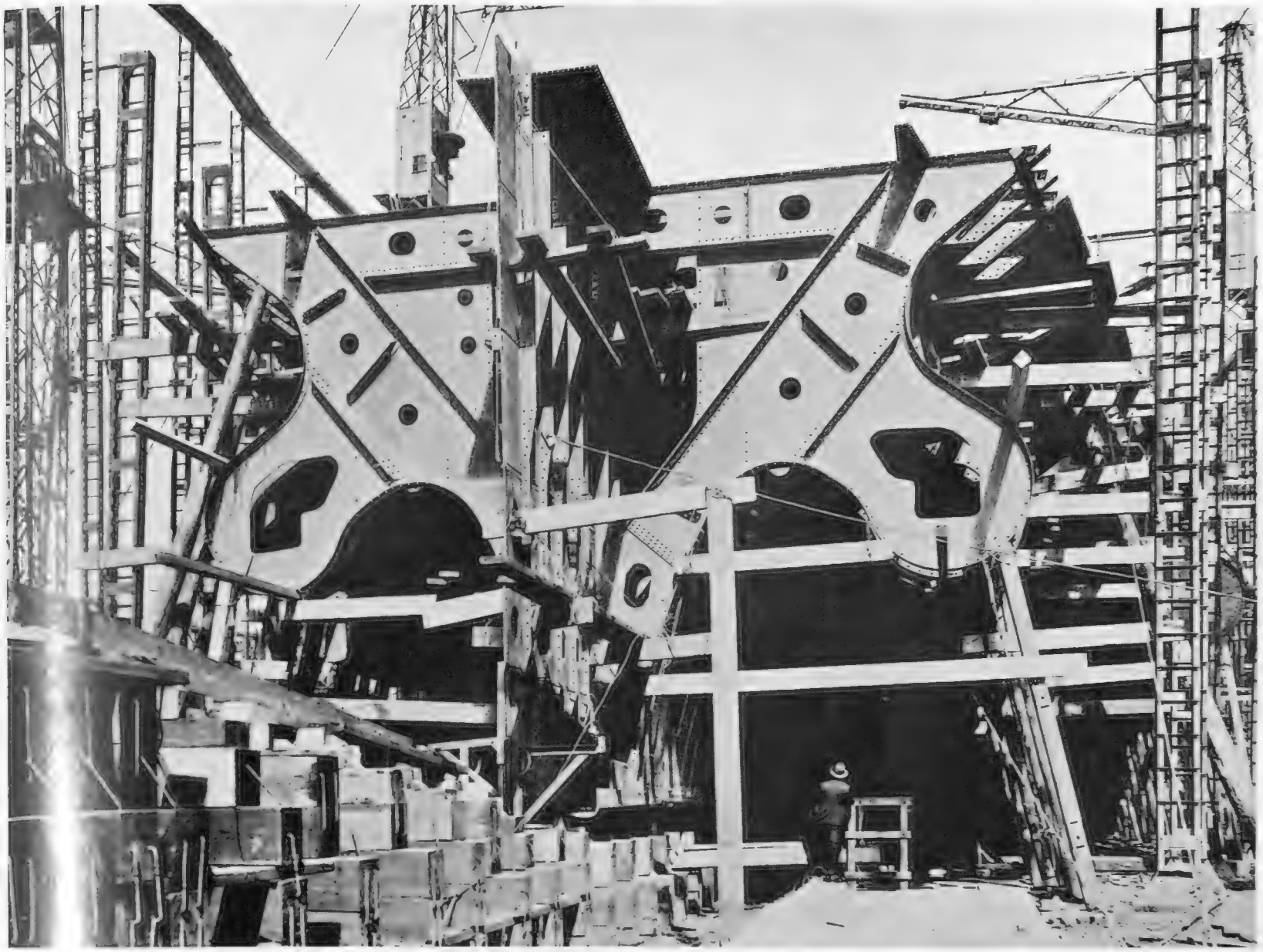
That is all to the good, but what perhaps is the greatest factor in the present position is, that Great Britain is now a protectionist country, whereas in 1927 it was not. It was prophesied that as a nation we should never take kindly to Protection. But up to date we have falsified the prophets. And there seems to be no reason why measures that have done so much to revive other of our industries should not be applied with equal force to films.

Those who pretend to foreshadow what shape forthcoming legislation will take can safely be said to be guessing. The problem is how to get over the American tariff wall into the American market. That is the main commercial objective. How we can reach it is best arrived at by having another look at the last ten years. What the Films Act of 1927 achieved was the manufacture, under the terms of the Act, of a vast number of films which were known as "quickies." That is to say, films made roughly and in a hurry to supply that quota of British-made and British-rented stock without which the renters could not

(Continued on page 594)

ALEXANDER (HENRY VIII) KORDA MEETS NOEL (CAVALCADE) COWARD: The Chairman and Managing Director of London Films lunching with the playwright at the Denham studios. Korda has been much in the limelight of recent weeks and great things are expected of his new "tie up" with United Artists in Hollywood

PROGRESS OF "NO. 552": £6,000,000 Steel Plant to bring Relief in South Wales Distressed Area—Boring for Oil beneath the Sussex Downs



THE "MARY'S" SISTER SHIP TAKES SHAPE: The stern of the giant [illegible] as it appears to-day on the stocks in Messrs. John Brown's yard at [illegible]bank, where work is being pushed forward with all speed on what will be the biggest and may be the fastest liner in the world. *No. 552*, as she is now called, is costing £5,500,000, £500,000 more than the *Queen Mary*, and providing direct employment for 3,000 men in the building yard and for hosts of others engaged on the sub-contracts in various parts of the country. When completed her gross tonnage will probably be in the neighbourhood of 83,000—slightly in excess of the *Normandie*—while she may show important modifications in the moulding of the hull and the lay-out of superstructure and funnels based on experience with her sister ship in the varying conditions of Atlantic weather. The turbine machinery and gearing will also be notable for a number of improvements

EUROPE'S LARGEST STEEL WORKS IN THE MAKING: An impression of the £6,000,000 plant at Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, which when completed in the near future will play its part in meeting the nation-wide demand for steel and will provide much-needed employment in one of the most hardly-hit regions of the South Wales Distressed Area. Conditions in the Principality are as yet a long way from normal, but a serious effort is being made to right the situation by introducing new industries and, as in this case, re-equipping the old

ANOTHER NEW OIL BORING IN SUSSEX: Lord Apsley inspecting one of the drills at Hellingly after inaugurating the latest well with which it is hoped to strike oil in commercial quantities. Already attempts have been made at Henfield and Portsdown Hill

ANGLO-AMERICAN ENTERPRISE ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC: The Imperial Airways flying boat *Cavalier*, which is pictured *above* as it neared the water at Port Washington, New York State, and the Pan American Airways flying boat *Bermuda Clipper*, which is seen *on right* before taking off, recently made the first trial flights in reverse directions over the proposed 770-mile passenger air route between New York and Bermuda, the *Cavalier* doing the journey in 5 hours 55 minutes and the less heavily loaded American machine, with a following wind also in its favour, taking ten minutes less. This new service, which will shortly come into regular operation, really constitutes the first instalment of British and American joint enterprise on the air routes of the North Atlantic, and it is likely that in the near future there will be an extension of the service to London via the Azores and Lisbon, the necessary permission having been obtained from Portugal

A NEW OCEAN RACER: The *Maid of Matham*, a yacht built for Lieut.-Commander Illingworth and Mr. Norman Jones, under full sail with Genoa jib after her christening last week at Burnham-on-Crouch

CHRISTENING OF THE "RICHARD SILVER OLIVER": Commander C. R. Cousins, giving instructions from the deck before the naming of the new life boat at Cullercoats, Northumberland. Standing beside him holding the bottle of champagne is Canon Blount Fry

"NORTH POLE": ALL CHANGE FOR SAN FRANCISCO

Mr. Smolka, the writer of the following notes, was the first European journalist to fly to the most advanced posts of Polar Russia; he forecast the establishment of a station at the Pole in his book. He met most of the scientists, including Professor Schmidt, now settled down at or near the Pole. The most recent message stated that the explorers, now reduced to a party of four, established at a point 100 miles from the Pole had succeeded in plumbing the ocean beneath them. It was discovered to have a depth of 2½ miles. Dark grey mud was recovered from the ocean bottom

AT the moment of writing twenty-nine people are sun-bathing on an ice-floe on the North Pole. At any rate, in its immediate neighbourhood. For the North Pole, unlike its brother at the other end of the world, is just ice floating in the ocean, and one cannot very well stick to it exactly all the time unless one jumps from one ice-floe to another.

The party have rubber tents, a radio-station from which they have already called up their homes, and outside the camp they have parked three aeroplanes, painted orange and cream.

Before them only Peary and Nansen ever set foot on the top of the world, while Cook's claim to have been there before anyone else is still causing squabbles amongst scientists. Maybe that Eskimos have also reached the Pole in earlier centuries. But that was no good. Because they did not know that it was the Pole at all. To the plucky explorers who staked their lives and reputations to reach this alluring goal, the main concern was to find out what the Pole was like and if it was only water, what its temperature was, what sort of currents it had, and the drift of its ice cover. Thus Nansen let his ship, the *Fram*, freeze in and simply drift along with the ice, a journey which took him two years.

The party which has occupied and settled down "comfortably" on the Pole this time, has more ambitious aims.

The first, to make a landing on the ice by aeroplane, has been successful.

This is rather a difficult feat with the ordinary ski-fitted plane. But those used by the Soviet expedition are fitted with an especially strong and well-sprung undercarriage. This makes landing with skis almost fool-proof.

The second—to stay on the Pole for a year to study the moods of this weather-shop of the world—is likely to succeed. Their equipment is good, and was selected carefully on the basis of the fliers' own experience in the Arctic, and on that of the forty years of strenuous research that preceded them. They may drift—as a matter of fact they are already drifting at the rate of half-a-mile per hour. But that is not too dangerous. Considering that the nearest station ever set up in the Polar region was still 500 miles away from the Pole, while all the others are at least at a distance of more than 1,000 miles, a matter of a few miles makes little difference to this step forward in man's study of the Pole's habits.

NORTHWARD HO! A sketch map of the route taken by the Russian fliers on their journey from Moscow to the Pole to establish a base there. Scientists have now taken up their quarters on a drifting ice-floe and it is their intention to make a year's stay during which they will continue investigations into ice drift, magnetic conditions, and meteorology with a view to making possible a polar air line to the United States

The men can, and will, guide other planes with provisions, spare parts, fuel and even relief parties back towards them with the aid of their radio. They are clearing an aerodrome on the ice for them. If the weather is too bad for a safe landing, things and men will be dropped down to them by parachute.

If things come to the worst and the ice-floe drifts too far from their objective they can travel over the ice towards the Pole or fly back to their original position.

Their third and greatest aim will probably not be realised for a year or two: to fly from Moscow to San Francisco via the Pole. The earth being a ball and the most-important centres like London, New York, San Francisco, Moscow, Peiping, Tokyo, etc., all lying on the northern half of it, communication by air between these centres is very much shorter if one flies over the top than around the waist of the globe. From Moscow to San Francisco, for instance, the air journey would be reduced from about fourteen to hardly more than two days.

To make this possible, pilots must be able to rely upon weather reports from the centre of the Arctic. To supply these regularly will be the task of "Radio North Pole." They will also study magnetological conditions — to devise reliable instruments of air navigation in this region, where owing to the mysterious magnetic powers of the North Pole no compass is reliable. Their investigations into the depths of the sea, its temperatures, its chemical content, will reveal valuable facts about the general currents between the world's oceans, the most important of which — the Atlantic and the Pacific—are in constant communication underneath the Polar Sea.

So they will not only bring the thrilling scheme of transpolar air-flights nearer realisation, but also increase the safety and speed of shipping in northern waters generally, and apart from enriching human knowledge of fundamental scientific questions.

Sunshine and rain, heat waves and blizzards all over the Northern Hemisphere are determined by the flow of air between the Pole and the Equator. If we can get to know what is coming through our observers, who sit in the centre of things instead of as far away as polar stations used to be up to now, we shall take out our mackintoshes less frequently to find we don't need them, and not leave our umbrellas at home only to get soaked to the bones.

FIRE

Beaufort Castle in Flames—Lord Lovat's Scottish Residence

On left—GUTTED: The smoking ruins of Beaufort Castle, the Inverness-shire residence of Lord Lovat, chief of the Clan Fraser, twelve hours after fire had broken out there and gained such a mastery that, despite the efforts of the Inverness fire brigade and hosts of voluntary helpers, the whole of the east wing, containing a picture gallery, hall, and ballroom was destroyed. Many historical treasures, paintings, and valuable furniture were salvaged however, while much of the west wing was saved. Beaufort Castle was built about sixty years ago in the Scottish baronial style by the grandfather of the present Lord Lovat who is at the moment serving with his regiment, the Scots Guards

GAZING ON THE RUINS: The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell, aunt of Lord Lovat, Dr. Mackay of Beauly, and Mr. Charles Fraser in the grounds of Beaufort Castle on the morning after the fire. *On left*—Another view of the gutted east wing

SURREY HEATH BLAZE: Troops in gas masks, men from Mr. Lloyd George's estate, hotel guests, and agricultural workers combined to fight this fire which originated near Churt and while raging for nearly five hours devastated 200 acres of heathland, considerably disfiguring the famous beauty spot known as the Devil's Punch Bowl. Frenzied attempts were made to arrest the conflagration's progress, but it was a formidable task as the flames, advancing along a three-mile front, in some places rose to a height of 20 ft. It was only in the nick of time that measures were taken to prevent Sir Thomas Rose's property becoming involved

The Marriage of the Duke

Their Quiet Wedding at the Château de Candé and

WEDDING DAY AT THE CHÂTEAU DE CANDÉ: *Above*—The Duke and Duchess of Windsor standing at the castle entrance after their marriage on Thursday of last week, and a close-up (*right*) showing the bride and bridegroom with Mr. Herman Rogers, their American friend, and Major E. D. Metcalfe, a former A.D.C to the Duke, who acted as witness and best man at the ceremonies conducted by the Mayor of Monts and the Vicar of Darlington. The Château, which lies in the heart of Touraine, was built in 1508 by M. Breconet, Minister of France for Louis XII and in the nineteenth century passed into the hands of Drake del Costillo, a member of an Anglo-Cuban family, who added a new wing. Mr Charles Bedaux, the present American owner, acquired the property about ten years ago

THE BEST MAN: Major E. D. Metcalfe who was A.D.C. to the Duke on his Indian and Japanese tours as Prince of Wales seen on arrival with his wife

THE DUKE'S SOLICITOR: Mr. A. G. Allen, seen here arriving at St. Pierre des Corps station, was another member of the small company attending the wedding

THE PRIEST WHO MARRIED THEM: The Rev. R. Anderson Jardine, Vicar of St. Paul's, Darlington, who conducted the religious portion of the ceremony

THE MAYOR OF MONTS, Dr. Mercier, with frock coat and silk hat, about to leave the Mairie for the Château on the morning of the marriage

On left—POLICE AND GARDE MOBILE ON DUTY AT THE CHÂTEAU GATES where they barred the way to the hosts of sight seers who converged on Monts on the day of the wedding. *On right*—The Mayor, Dr. Mercier, posing for cameramen at the Mairie before leaving for the Château

and Duchess of Windsor

Departure for the Honeymoon in Austria

ON THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW LIFE: The Duke and Duchess, with Mr. Herman Rogers standing just behind them, pictured on the steps of the Château de Candé. The bride's wedding dress was a close-fitting, ankle-length, two-piece robe of powder-blue

FORMAL POSE: Another impression of the Duke and Duchess after their wedding which took place in the music room of the Château—the oldest part of the building. Her Grace's jewellery consisted of diamond and sapphire ear-rings and a bracelet

THEIR DAY OF DAYS: The bride and bridegroom whose wedding brought to a culmination the great drama that began with the abdication in December. *Below*—The bridal car after passing through the gates of the Château as the Duke and Duchess set out for Laroche-Migennes, 180 miles distant, where they boarded the Simplon Express, which took them to Austria for their honeymoon. At the wheel was George Ladbroke, His Royal Highness's chauffeur who, it may be remembered, took the Duchess to the South of France after her departure from England

CORONATION CELEBRATIONS

How They Marked the Great Occasion in Zululand, Nigeria, Southern India

CORONATION EVE AT RANIKHET: Natives of this small hill station 6,000 ft. up in the Himalayas putting the finishing touches to the decorations with which they adorned the streets on May 12. The decorations were all home-made from coloured paper, except for a few Japanese lanterns obtained at Ranikhet's one and only store

THE BRITISH RESIDENT READS HIS CORONATION SPEECH: Delivering the address from the Government platform in Benin, Nigeria, before taking the salute at a march past of native soldiers. This was the official aspect of the celebrations in this city which has long been an important centre of West African trade

CELEBRATING IN FAR AWAY ZULULAND: Chief Mshiyeni clad in a magnificent uniform and mounted on his charger at the festivities held at his kraal and attended by 4,000 of his subjects. After the Bishop of Zululand had conducted a religious service, the Chief explained the significance of the Coronation, ending by calling for a salute for King George, to which the natives responded with a thundering "Bayete U'zulu"

THE IMPIS FORGATHER: *Above*—The Zulus, armed with shields and staves, chanting the history and great events of their nation after being summoned together by the bugler (*right*) in his magnificent "mutshi" of leopard skin—a skin that may be worn only by members of Zululand's royal family; only two of the many colourful aspects of a day celebrated with immense fervour as a prelude to a night of feasting. The rhythmical singing could be heard distinctly several miles away across the veldt

FORT SANDEMAN'S DURBAR: T
at this military station, lying
from the borders of Afghanist
Political Agent reviewed on Co

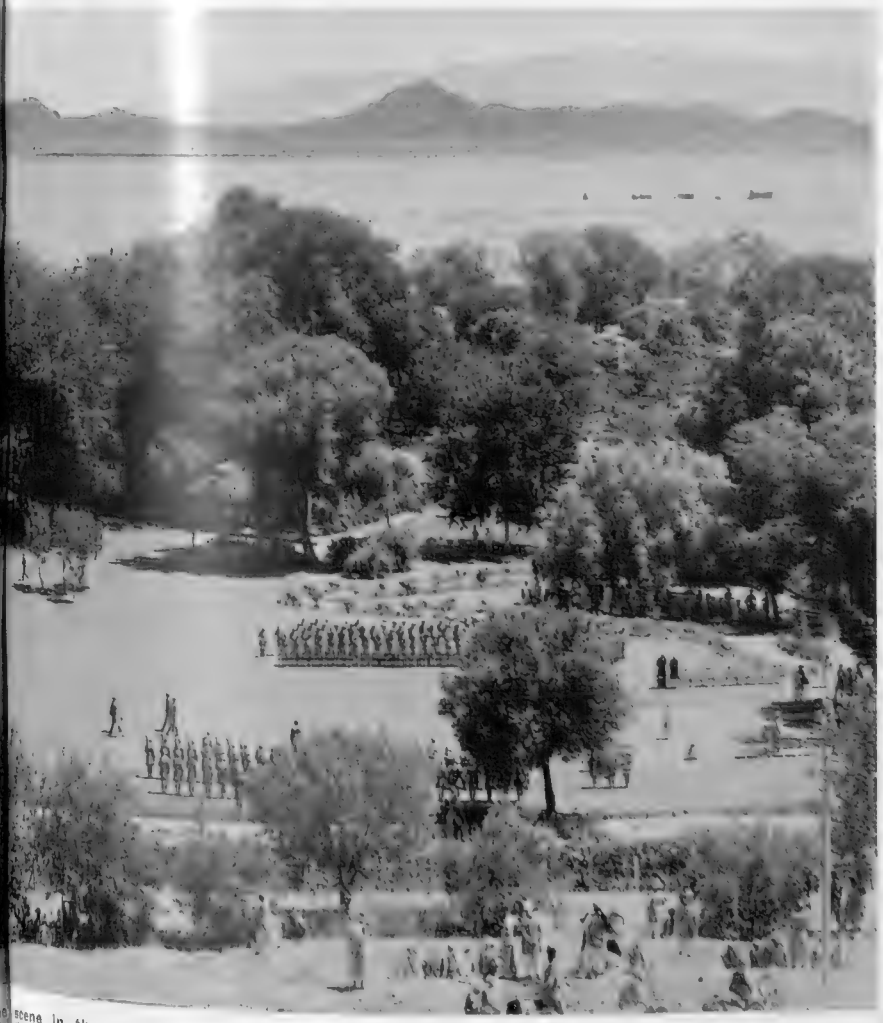
IN THE EMPIRE'S OUTPOSTS

nd the Foothills of the Himalayas — War Dances, Speeches, and Military Reviews

THE OBA OF BENIN OKS ON: The native chief, with his magnificent coral headdress and cere-monial necklaces a striking figure as he sat with serious mien on the dais listening to the British Resident's s ech. At a later hour on Coronation Day the Oba attended a dance to which the people flocke thousands from the city and all parts of the neighbouring countryside

PYROTECHNICS AT TRICHINOPOLY: A firework display, made particularly effective by the blackness of the night and the reflections in the gleaming waters, in progress round the Rock Fort Temple, which itself was picked out in light. This town of Madras Presidency was only one of many throughout India that staged particularly elaborate Coronation celebrations

A PRINCE OF RAJPUTANA: Maharar Raja Ishwari Singh, ruler of Bundi, pictured on a big-game hunting expedition. The Coronation was duly celebrated in his capital, and (*below*) His Highness' troops are seen standing at attention while the guns of Taragarh Fort on the hillside fired a salute



scene in the gardens Baluchistan, not far and Waziristan, as the tion morning the guard of honour provided by members of the locally-recruited militia. Later in the day a military tattoo was held, troops of the Indian force stationed there taking part in the event, while in the evening there were less formal festivities in honour of the occasion

MYSTERY *in the* METRO : By Ferdinand Tuohy

The Extraordinarily Planned and as yet Unsolved Crime on the Underground which has Aroused Nation-wide Interest in France

AT six of a summer's evening a young woman of what one could call the artisan class, smart and attractive in her Sunday best, leaves a "dancing-terrace" on the banks of the Marne river, feeding Paris suburbs much as does the Thames at Richmond. Laetitia (Yolanda) Toureaux has danced the afternoon away with partners mostly met through her brother Riton, but she leaves alone. She has a banquet engagement two hours later, in the centre of Paris, with Italian compatriots.

At 6.15 p.m. she mounts motor-bus EI for the Tube terminal of Charenton, a stretch taking nine minutes. The conductor recollects the solitary Yolanda, for having ragged her over the change.

Descending, the young person still has to walk to the station, buy her ticket and get down to the platform, a (measured) matter of 2½ to 3 mins., provided there is no impediment or delay greater than that occasioned by a steady booking office trickle of families returning from an outing in Vincennes woods. Yolanda thus enters the empty-arriving train as near as possible at 6.27 p.m. But whereas over 100 other passengers of modest estate make for 2nd-class coaches, Yolanda travels in a central 1st-class one. She always liked to travel 1st on Sundays (explains her mother later) to match her Sunday "toilette."

Forty seconds standstill, during which no one notices Yolanda apparently alone in her superior coach—why should they?—and the train pulls out. Eighty seconds after it makes its first halt at Porte-Dorée. Here, six intending first-class passengers move towards the central coach, a young army dentist at their head. The jolt caused by the halt simultaneously jerks the only occupant of the coach to the floor. The young dentist leaps forward with an exclamation. He and another man turn the tumbled form over. A villainous knife is embedded to the hilt, below the right ear. "Carotid severed—nothing to be done!" abruptly pronounces the kneeling dentist, and as promptly dematerialises.

"Fetch a gendarme!" Bustle, excitement, shrieks. The train is held, yet anyone may leave the station without let or hindrance. A gendarme arrives and forthwith removes the knife with the result that the victim, who has tried to whisper something, immediately expires in a growing pool of blood.

Someone has killed Yolanda either during the 40 secs. during which the train was halted at the terminal, or else during the 80 secs. of the journey to the Porte-Dorée.

"*Murder in the Metro!*" "*The roman-policier the most sensational of the century!*"

It did not take long for the Paris evening papers to be out on the streets with that.

The Metro! The crowded Sunday evening Metro by which well over a million travel daily, and in what notorious sardine-suffocation! "That was all that was wanting"—a murder in the Metro! Why, even the Georges Simenons had never dared that gross improbability although they had fictionally located their crime victims in the most inconceivable places. The same with the foreign authors of "thrillers." Murder in the Orient Express, on the golf links, here, there, everywhere, but never in the Tube. Yet here it was, in cold, corpse fact.

Now, it will have been noticed that the invaluable first minutes were hopelessly wasted or deprived of their evidence. Not only did the gendarme promptly bring about death but he also ruined any fingerprints on the knife. The instant the woman was discovered, the Porte-Dorée doors might have been closed upon all below or in the fatal train: a complete control might have been exercised. Instead of that, the word "suicide," most facile of solutions, gained currency until a doctor appeared and said "nonsense!" No person could possibly have inflicted such a self-wound.

The next thing, then, was the young dentist. Where was he? Why had he decamped so suddenly?

The young dentist was obliged to come forward and confess lamely enough that he had left the victim because she was obviously dying and he had got blood on his clothes and as he was going out to dine with his fiancée, wished to get it removed at the earliest possible moment!

"A maniac, then," next pronounced the police. "Most difficult of all to trace." Yet the fabulous setting, the 1,000 to 1 chance of finding a young woman alone in a Tube coach, the very leaving of the knife implanted, denoting well-known vengeance of the south notably Catalan and Italian, caused Press sleuths and public to sniff at this version.

"Then a common-or-garden lover's vengeance," persisted Authority. That didn't go much better, discarded or deceived lovers having safer places to select from than brightly lit Tube coaches on crowded Sunday evenings.

No. Almost from the word "go" the crime reporters made up their minds that this stabbing had the attributes of an execution, also that the police investigators knew more than they were letting on. Ostensibly, these rapidly found themselves up against a stone wall, "marking time," "unable to make headway," boggling in a manner of late only too distressingly familiar to the French public. A native "Dorothy Sayers" produced a list of five alleged previous executions this year, all now shelved as unsolved crimes. Incidentally, whatever occurs over the crime in the Metro it should go down in French criminal annals as having been investigated far more by the crime reporters than by the police. Nowhere else could this be possible, but Paris reporters have a "coupe-fil" or police pass which really does act as an Open Sesame, while they may write with great freedom.

The theatrical and usually futile reconstruction of the crime was duly staged in the blood-stained coach drawn up at the Porte-Dorée. A young woman acting as dummy was attacked, where she sat, from behind. Dr. Paul, "French Spilsbury," had decided that the assailant had pulled the victim over to the left and then plunged the knife into the right side of the throat with a terrific and precise thrust. He may have left knife there in order to make a swift and bloodless escape. The victim could not have uttered one scream. Passengers in neighbouring 2nd-class coaches could have seen nothing on account of routine notices pasted on the intervening door windows. The criminal could not have hopped through into these filled coaches during the brief journey without quite certainly causing passengers to look up.

He had therefore either (a) struck immediately while the train was drawn up at the terminal, jumped out and into the crowded adjacent 2nd-class coach, and travelled on, mingled with its occupants; or (b) hopped unseen into Yolanda's empty coach at the terminal, struck during the 80 seconds' journey to the first halt, and here jumped out unseen, and so into the neighbouring coach, or merely on to the Porte-Dorée platform. Why should a Sunday evening crowd necessarily notice such normalities?

To such extent the reconstruction was this time of use—but mainly to the Press sleuths. These now begin to give tongue with a vengeance. What manner of person really was the victim? Her life was concentrated upon, with the swift sequel that the entire background of the so-called "perfect crime" came to be transformed—and, by the way, what rubbish, that "perfect crime" stuff, proclaimed the sleuths. "Perfect," to kill with over a hundred of the public less than a dozen yards away! An astoundingly impudent or *sure* crime, maybe. . . .

So the life story of Yolanda came to be opened. She came to Paris from her native valley of Aosta, in 1927, aged nineteen, and like most Italian exiles of that time, soon got work. That the fair young Italian girl had appeal was shown when she married the boss' son, though the bridegroom had to keep quiet about it, in fact, it was not until he lay dying of tuberculosis, in 1934, that he confessed to his father, with the tearful Yolanda standing by the bedside. The older man was furious and refused ever to recognise his son's wife.

Yolanda got other work, as young widow. She never had any difficulty in doing that, as we shall see. Soon she was even able to rent a small flat in the Père Lachaise quarter, which was odd, in view of her inconsiderable earnings. Did she supplement these in well-known manner? Emphatically no. All reports agree as to Yolanda's morals. She may have had "flirts," as her correspondence later showed, but that lynx-eyed terror, the concierge, had never seen a man, outside Yolanda's family circle, mount to her apartment.

A more perplexing discovery lay just ahead. Yolanda changed her job two or three times a year, even the nature of her work. Nor was she ever dismissed. On the contrary, reports on her were always of the best. Her goodness was particularly noted. She would invariably "adopt" some poor little "poulbot," or Paris urchin, in the vicinity of her employment, bringing him daily dainties, petting him. In due course Yolanda joined a popular help-the-under-dog society which conferred on her its bronze medal with red lapel ribbon.

But why was she always changing from pillar to post? Now in a factory, now at clerical work, now in this suburb, now in that one. And ever of her own volition. Not many young women could do this, or, indeed, would choose to, it being obviously more advantageous to stay in one place and earn promotion. However, Yolanda never seemed to lack money. If not spectacularly better-off than her co-workers, she was constantly making her friends small presents. "Quelle bonté, cette petite Italienne!" "She was such a dear," it is now related. "Kind and considerate, and quite attractive. Gay. Not every girl could hope to get new jobs all the time, but Yolanda never had any difficulty."

THE VICTIM: Beautiful Yolanda Toureaux, whose murder in a Paris underground train has been defying police and Press attempts at solution

Next curious discovery: Yolanda was wont to keep very late hours. Why?

Because she kept the cloak-room at a tough bal musette, Ace of Hearts, near the Central Markets.

Here was initial evidence of a dual life, the admirable employee working in such a joint as this Ace. And she in no need of the few extra francs a night there picked up. Was she dance crazy by any chance? No. Always demure, dancing but rarely, when she could leave her counter. The clientèle of the Ace was put through a sieve. It is a typical dive portrayed so often on the films. Members of the milieu, or special underworld of vice, mingle there with young men and their girls, held by the meretricious glamour of the dance floor. One of the habitués was Yolanda's young brother Riton.

Did one of the milieu do the stabbing? Not a clue. Yet the Ace was to yield another clue of capital import. It was found that Yolanda had also worked as private inquiry agent for a firm known as Routfs. The director admitted as much. Mme Toureaux was on his books as an agent last year, when she carried out "two adultery shadowings, three extra-conjugal surveillances, and eleven verifications of domicile. She was paid, in all, 1,035 francs 35 centimes, and I eventually passed her on to a friend of mine, a St. Ouen factory owner, who was having trouble with his personnel and wished for an entirely devoted and reliable employee." This was Yolanda's last job.

. . . The murder in the Metro has by now filled out. Vengeance, not a lover's, is written all over it. The fair and good young Italian woman "required to be exterminated." For what reason?

Firstly, was she employed at her last factory really in the guise of what is called a "mouton," to report on the agitators there and their plans? In France, to-day, when Labour agitation is so great, such "moutons" are numerous, and in the rare cases when they are revealed as traitors in the ranks, their fate can be grim enough, if not running necessarily to murder.

Secondly, was Yolanda also improving the occasion at the Ace, perchance keeping eye and ear open among the milieu, even drawing out members of it? The confabulations of gentlemen of the milieu can be of much interest to police headquarters. Was Yolanda by any chance a police indicator? It was found that the director of Rouffs and a police inspector had put her up for the society which awarded the medal; such affiliation is freely resorted to by way of camouflage. Nor could it be lost sight of that such a one as Yolanda might also have gone in for double-crossing, that is, have pretended to operate in protection of the milieu while really betraying this. Such conduct could entirely account for that savage stab. Again, could she have become involved in Fascist undercurrents? There was the final possibility of Yolanda having got to know too much, as police indicator, with the dread consequences that such excess of knowledge has been known to bring.

The Metro mystery is at this writing still impenetrable—or seems so to be. The execution motive is generally accepted, but from which direction is another matter. The most probable reading of the crime is that Yolanda was pointed out to her executioner, or that he recognised her at the Sunday afternoon "dancing-terrace," and that the man then followed the condemned one, unbeknown, resolved to follow, if need be, till late that night. But a sudden opportunity presented itself in the empty 1st-class coach—an opportunity so beloved by the criminal of immediately after being able to mingle with the public.

The murderer was not waiting at the Tube, for Yolanda would not normally have taken that bus and Tube to get to her "banquet." She would have left later and gone direct. But she wished to stop in at the Ace—there to leave a note for one of her "flirts" coming up that night specially to see her from the Navy at Toulon. That note was found in the dead woman's handbag.

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SUMMER SEASON SECTION

MORNING CANTER IN THE ROW

ANKLE LENGTH

These two young riders (*left*) on their white ponies make a charming picture as they take their morning ride, as also do the wearers of the cool summer frocks depicted on right

LONDON'S EXCLUSIVE LANE

HIGHWAY OF FASHION

After lunch at Grosvenor House, Park Lane (*left*) and a stroll in Bond Street (*right*). Three charming Ronald Morrel models, including a particularly smart black chiffon

GOING PLACES : *Some Summer Season Celebrations in Town*

THE GRAND PARADE at the Royalty Through the Ages Ball—one of the big charity events of the season—held at the Dorchester, Park Lane, in aid of St. Luke's Day Nurseries. Colourful and varied costumes created a brilliant scene in the ballroom

GRACING THE DERBY BALL : The Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow with Sir John Milbanke and (*right*) the Duchess of Marlborough

AT THE ROYALTY THROUGH THE AGES BALL : Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lorey went as Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, while Mr. Derek Selby made a regal Ferdinand (presumably the VIIth) of Spain

LORD COWDRAY BUYS A FLOWER FROM MISS MALCOLMSON at the Derby Ball arranged by Lady Milbanke and Mrs. James Field at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital funds

Drawings by Bettine Colby

When Summer Comes to London

STATELY ST OF PROSPECTS

Looking across the gleaming waters of St. James's Park lake to the Foreign and India Offices in Whitehall, A view acknowledged as one of the most beautiful in any capital city

A WORLD OF THEIR OWN

City girls working at Adelaide House, near London Bridge, have a wonderful roof-garden in which to take their lunch-hour rest—remote from the activity of the Pool far below them

"BUTTERCUPS BRIGHT-EYED AND BOLD"

Buttercups, blooming among the wild pa[illegible] a[illegible] d below East Soham Mill; a lovely part [illegible] Su[illegible] k countryside made immortal by the worl[illegible] Cons[illegible]e

Studies by Douglas West

IN EPPING'S BEECHEN SHADE

A giant of the forest with its mighty branches ready to burst into the full glory of summer leaf, creating beneath a welcoming shade

LEAFY JUNE AT ETON: Parents and collegers walking among the trees on the "Fourth" which, in this, the Coronation year, proved a more brilliant occasion than ever, and brought a record number of visitors

ETON'S GLORIOUS "FOURTH"

More Visitors Than Ever Before

THE HOST: A young Etonian watching the cricket on Agar's Plough—one of the day's big events—in company with his mother and sister. *On right* Mr. J. W. P. Rhodes strolling across the cricket field with Miss Marie Symons Jeune

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH, sister-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, with her Etonian son, the thirteen-year-old Earl of Dalkeith, and her two daughters Lady Elizabeth and Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott

CRICKET ON AGAR'S PLOUGH: *Above*—The match in progress on Eton's famous ground, where a gay assembly of collegers, parents, and Old Etonians assembled to watch the game. The Eton Ramblers scored 335 for 6 (declared), the bowling being hardly equal to the occasion, while the College replied with 221 and 198 for 3, scores that augur well for their batting in the coming duel with Harrow at Lord's. *Right*—A happy Etonian acts as escort to his mother and sister

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LONDONERS FLOCK

BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO: Marie Ruanova, one of the outstanding performers now entertaining London in ballet, with her harlequin partner at the Coliseum where the season opened on May 31 and the run on the box office has been bigger than ever. René Blum, brother of the French Premier, is the Director

BALLET and the cinema being exact opposites, it is natural that the rise in popularity of one should coincide with the decreased interest in the other. To-day, when Hollywood has shown us all it has got and we are becoming a trifle bored by ninety per cent. of its films even though each is being bolstered up by an increasing number of stars, the ballet has never been more flourishing. Its leading ladies, or I should say ballerinas, are flesh and blood; they do not enter the theatre in tins; and there is an immense amount of colour which the cinema still fails to provide in appreciable quantity or quality. Above all, the ballet bears no relation to the grim ugliness of life.

To-day we have the Vic Wells Permanent Ballet Company; the Markova Troupe; the Rambert Ballet at the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate; there is Colonel de Basil's outfit which will soon be at Covent Garden; above all, there is the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo under the direction of René Blum, brother of the French Prime Minister, which opened at the Coliseum last week. The Vic-Wells Company, which has gone from strength to strength of late, and is on the way to achieving a more than nation-wide reputation is paying a visit to Paris this month and at the Champs Elysées Theatre is to hold the première of a new production called *Checkmate*, with music composed by Arthur Bliss and choreography by Ninette de Valois. Included in the company is that brilliant English artiste Margot Fonteyn.

All over the country there are now schools of ballet. Every large town has a couple, and in London, I am told, there are literally dozens. These schools are affiliated to either the Royal Academy of Dancing, which owes its success to Adeline Genee, or the British Ballet Organisation controlled by Espinosa. Espinosa, for example, travels continuously throughout the country judging the performance of pupils. Teaching is intensive and proceeds through various grades, and for each grade there is a certificate. The highest degree is that of Solo Seal, but this is rarely given. When a pupil has reached the advanced grade, he or she is already a fully fledged ballet dancer, worthy of playing major roles on the West End stage.

Meantime, it is one of the world's mysteries that so many girls, not to mention young men, choose the ballet as a career. I suppose it must be a virus which gets into the blood. Certainly it is an exceedingly badly paid profession. At the moment there is only one prima ballerina in London who earns a three-figure salary per week. The other big lights are content with £30 or £40 a week, and really expert dancers are glad to get a tenner.

A good example of this notoriously low pay was provided recently in Johannesburg when the manager of a celebrated ballet was reproached by a leading citizen on this score. Said the manager, "As a matter of fact I pay them rather better than most of my rivals." "Well," replied the leading citizen, "all I can say is that one of your star artistes is staying at the Salvation Army hut here." The manager made inquiries and found out that it was true. The artiste had discovered that he could live there comfortably for £1 a week, and did so. No doubt he was saving up to found a school of his own later on. For it is one of the anomalies of ballet that you reach your peak-earning capacity only when you are too old to appear in public yourself, and it is the dream of all ballet dancers to have their own school at which they can charge their pupils fat premiums.

A good friend of mine whose daughter has just graduated as a fully fledged ballet dancer tells me that it cost him in the neighbourhood of £700, this being a good deal cheaper than anybody not in the show business could have expected.

Actually a girl who decides to make ballet her career needs to start at the age of five or six, and she is kept hard at it for at least ten years. In the old days in St. Petersburg the arduousness of the training was appalling. The girls were segregated like nuns and worked as hard as Guardsmen until the age of sixteen or seventeen. I shall never forget Lady Eleanor Smith's story of how she asked a famous Russian Ballet dancer what happened next. A seraphic smile spread over the face of the prima ballerina. "Oh," she said ecstatically, "then we met the Grand Dukes."

But even when you have joined a ballet, you have no home except the theatre. You rehearse all day and dance at night, touring everywhere, and having daily rehearsals even on board ship. Many of the artistes cook their meals in the theatre and live on next to nothing; hence, possibly, their slim figures. And yet I am assured that they put in more physically hard work than a navvy. Moreover, they have to know a repertoire of ballets which would stagger the memory of any actor in an old-fashioned stock company when the bills were changed nightly.

Here, by the way, is a child's guide to a few of the better-known steps in ballet. If you memorise them you will be able to talk fairly intelligently next time you go to the Coliseum. When a dancer goes up in the air and twiddles his feet it is called *entrechat*. When a female does thirty-two *fouettes*, this is known as a *tour de force* (the ballet, you see, has given at least one phrase to the English language).

You should never call a spin anything but a *pirouette*, while a travelling spin is known as a *coupe jettée*. As for the leap in the air by a male dancer who turns with his legs out (I can think of no more technical description), this is known as a *tour en l'air*. Actually, there are hundreds of steps, each with its own French description, and pupils

ROMANTIC REVERIE: A moment in *Les Sylphides*, that delightful ballet set to the plaintively lovely music of Chopin. *Right*—Another phase of this ballet which, as usual, figures prominently in the programmes at the Coliseum. The camera has captured here the impression of rhythmic grace created by the dancers in their technically faultless performance

TO BALLET: By Charles Graves

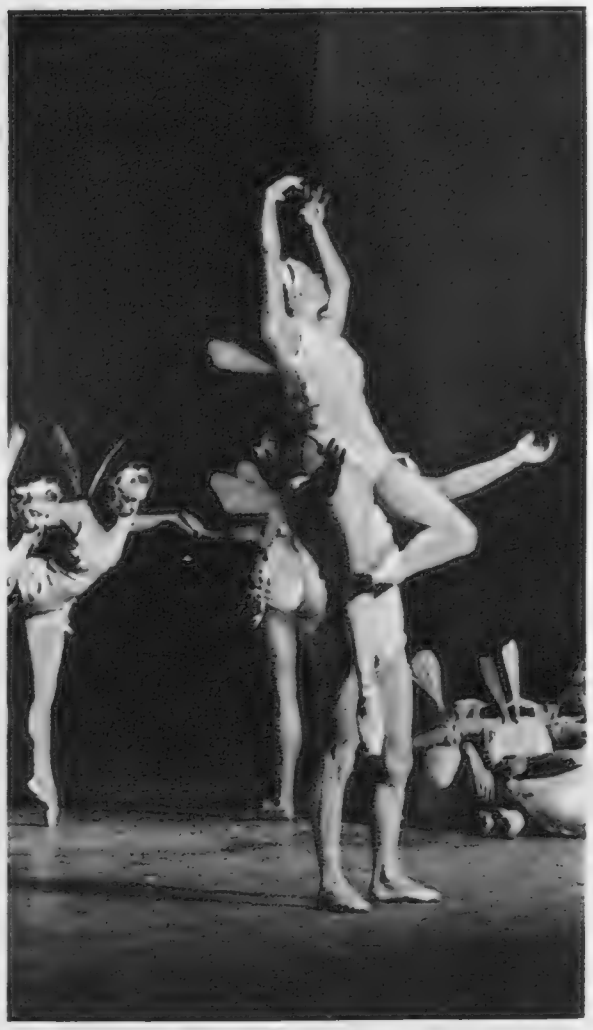
Devotees Who Keep the Box Offices Busy Whatever the Weather: A Dramatic Medium That Is Gaining an ever Increasing Hold on Popular Imagination in this Country

THE HAT BOX DANCE: A youthful exponent of the ballet—you have to start young if you are to reach the very top—glimpsed from the wings as she takes the stage

It is a mistake, of course, to imagine that ballet in this country began with Diaghileff. It dates back well into the last century, when it was still governed by the Taglione classicism and even earlier. London witnessed a heyday period between 1897 and 1907, when Adeline Genee danced at the Empire, and all the town went to see her. There was also a ballet at the Alhambra in opposition. Here a succession of prima ballerinas took their bows. In those days they were never paid more than £40 or £50 a week. At the Alhambra they often had two prima ballerinas, each of whom had her own *claque*. Members of each *claque* clapped loudly, but mechanically, at the correct moments, and then went back to playing dominoes on the stone seats until they had to earn their money again.

The next milestone in the history of Russian Ballet was the arrival of Pavlova with her partner Mordkin. He was a tall, handsome man, and the fire of their dancing set London alight. Excitement reached its peak moment one night when they quarrelled on the stage and, in full view of the audience, boxed each other's ears; whereupon both went off crying into the wings. Pavlova will be remembered above all for the Dying Swan dance. She was still dancing in 1920 at Drury Lane, two decades after she had made her debut at the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg, capturing the imagination by her classic grace and incomparable sense of rhythm.

Then came Diaghileff. He was at the height of his reputation, full of ambition and extravagance. For eight years he held the stage. At the end he was broken in health and almost penniless. After an interval of two years, however, he recovered and was as masterful and sinister as ever. But Nemesis awaited him, and within three weeks of his leaving London he was dead. It was his Oriental touch, his Bakst settings, and his choreography—even wilder than Pavlova's—which made him what he was. That and, of course, Nijinski, whose *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* shocked London so agreeably. . . I have, I notice, left out *Sumurun* at the Coliseum, which was already preparing the public for Diaghileff's strange genius.



"LES ELFES": Nana Gollner and Michel Panaieff are the star turns in this ballet in the Coliseum programme, another phase of which is illustrated on the left

Last year the rival ballets at Covent Garden and the Alhambra created almost a split in society. The competition was intense, feeling ran high, and yet both ballets made a packet of money. But that has become one of the prerogatives of this form of entertainment. Its devotees flock to the box office entirely irrespective of the weather. It may be as hot as blazes but scarcely a seat will be empty. Only pantomime, its red-nosed noisy sister, is equally unaffected by the weather; the coldest of Christmases still finding people flocking to the box office.

If you go this week to the Coliseum, and indeed you should, you will find that the long-haired youth has largely disappeared from the audience. Or at any rate if he is there he is in the minority. Rugger blues, fight fans, and other stalwarts come in their hundreds. A love of the ballet has ceased to be a probable sign of effeminacy; which even its greatest admirers could not deny four or five years ago. And if you look at the programme you will find among the Corps de Ballet such homely names as Williams and Grantham side by side with Seminovas, Ramanovas, and so on. Whether Miss Williams and Miss Grantham could not have done better to Russianise their names is dubious. It is also probable that many of those with Russian names in the Ballets Russes were born Jones, Smith, or Robinson. Look at Markova, formerly Alice Marks. The fact, however, that so many English girls—and Pavlova said that the English girl was the best material in the world for Russian Ballet—have the courage to keep their English names is only another sign that ballet is now definitely part of the ordinary every day entertainment family instead of being a kind of exotic illegitimate niece. Whether this inclusion is permanent depends largely on Hollywood. If first-class coloured films are made, it may be that a great deal of the exclusive charm of ballet will disappear. But in any event, nothing that the cinema can do will ever deprive ballet of its tangible fantasy.

ENTR'ACTE AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Specially drawn for "The Sphere" by Hookway Cowles

The audience wending their way from the stalls during an interval in o at Covent Garden which have combined to make the Coronation Sea outstanding success. The quality of most of the productions has b

HIGHLIGHT OF THE SEASON: One of the full dress rehearsals for the Aldershot Tattoo; a more elaborate affair than ever in this Coronation Season. It starts to-day and concludes on June 19

Right—LONDON AFTER DARK: Jack Matthew depicts "H as the fashionably-dressed playgoers throng the thoro the new Haymarket play on the left—*Balalaika* at Hi

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

Of the Summer Season

l in one of the performances
n Season of opera such an
has been beyond all praise

LADIES' DAY AT EPSOM: Two charming hat fashions glimpsed in stand and paddock on Oaks afternoon. *Left*—Mrs. G. Wolf wore a shallow-crowned hat. *Right*—A sailor design

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES! Another striking hat fashion at the Oaks—an occasion made particularly smart by the presence of Their Majesties the King and Queen

icts the scene in the Haymarket
horoughfare after the show—
t His Majesty's on the right

ASCOT is on us, and during this coming week the seal will be set on all the dresses that we shall wear for the rest of the summer. One certain winner is simplicity. Only the misguided few ever go in anything that approaches fancy dress, but on Gold Cup Day, when one dons one's best, long skirts are permissible.

For all such occasions the ensemble on the right is ideal. Made of Venetian pink lace on blue net, the loose half-length coat has blue-dyed fur cuffs, and the dress, cut gracefully, has scalloped revers at each side of the moderate V neck at the back.

You can get it as well in banana or beige on brown, in Lido blue on navy, and in white on black, and you will find it at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W. for 7½ guineas. Didn't we say it was ideal?

NO matter how lovely colours may be, nothing robs black and white of its distinction. On the right is a charming frock, in white crepe patterned with flower-strewn horizontal lines. Tied at the neck in a bow, it is lightly gauged down the front, with full topped sleeves, a black fronted belt, and a black inset showing under a demure slit at the back of the skirt. The price—70s., in the Debutante Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W., where, if you prefer them, you can get it in several other colours. The Juliet cap, in white, black, or navy petersham, costs 30s. and also comes from them.

Peter Clark

CITY streets, on days of brilliant sunshine, can be very hard on the appearance. You would look cool and you would feel very happy in this suit of sky blue crepe lightly patterned and boldly bordered with navy. The dress has short sleeves, a neat little stand-up collar, and a gently flared skirt, while the loose jacket is trimmed with flowers made of the crepe. It costs 5½ guineas at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, where the sailor hat, with the front of the brim swept up off the face, halo fashion, is made in shantung baku trimmed with ribbons

A SUMMER SAGA

Flower-like Frocks, Cool and Ethereal, Make Hot Days a Joy and Women a Delight to all who See Them

Live up to Summer. Even at its best it passes all too quickly, but while it is with us it gives women an opportunity of looking their loveliest—of mounting that pedestal on which men set them many years ago, and of enjoying, for a short space, a feeling of conscious but kindly superiority. This is a year when Fashion flatters the Englishwoman, when charm and romance count for more than eccentricities, when the silhouette is easy and graceful, and even hats are helpful.

BE kind to yourself. You know you can look deliciously fresh if only you'll take the trouble. It is a question partly of clothes and partly of make-up, and this is a year when everything is in your favour. The whole world is envying and copying the Englishwoman's delicate pink and white skin, banishing sun-burn and orange maquillage, and dress designers are using all the flower colours that show us at our best.

Imagine just how captivating a cool, clear face would look under the wide brim of the white organdie hat which we have photographed on the left of this page. The brim is stitched and piped, but practically speaking it has no crown. Just cross-sections of the organdie, through which the hair shows, finished with a bow in front. The girl who is wearing it has chosen a dress of primrose coloured organza trimmed with tiny multi-hued flowers cut out in felt.

Think too, of the ethereal beauty of a pretty girl in an evening frock like the one on the right. This is a Lelong model in white organza, the skirt billowing and drifting like petals in a breeze, and the corsage swathed with geranium pink satin which ends in a dramatic sash that can be tied in a bow or left hanging to the hem at the back. Impossible to imagine anything more youthful, more unspoiled, enhanced by the sophistication of the brilliant pink ribbon.

Her companion is soignée and gracious in a dress of heavy crepe in azure blue, with straps and a double girdle embroidered in seed and blistered pearls. A dress to wear often and to wear long, since its classic simplicity prevents it from dating.

All three dresses and the hat come from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

THE RE-BIRTH OF AN EMPIRE

A War on Mass Greed, Mass Fear, & Mass Prejudice

By MORRIS MARTIN

In view of the great public interest aroused by the Oxford Group both in this country and abroad, we here return to a subject previously described by Mr. Charles Graves in the May 29 issue of "The Sphere"

OUTSIDE the window as I write, the last piece of Coronation finery is being taken down from the streets. Flags have been packed away; the gilded lions from the Mall are being dispersed as souvenirs all over the globe. One of the most colourful demonstrations of the greatness of an Empire that the world has ever witnessed is over. Pomp and circumstance fade. What remains?

There is a stirring among the youth of Britain and the Empire to-day. The events of the past eighteen months have touched a spring in us of loyalty and devotion to our country that makes us want to take on the biggest thing we can for our Empire. When the flags have been packed away, that remains. But how can we express it? In 1914 it seemed a clear issue. But what can we do in 1937? Is the only expression of our patriotism to be that we dip deeper into our pockets with our traditional lack of grumbling to pay for the armament programme?

THE NEW ENLISTMENT OF THE OXFORD GROUP: British youth of all classes, from factory, public school, and farm, on the march for a "God-controlled Britain" at the Birmingham Camp

The Oxford Group is enlisting people in a war on those root causes of war in individuals which, when multiplied, make up mass greed, mass fear, mass prejudice, and mass suicide. It is showing men where the real enemy in the inner life of the country is. Most people sense vaguely the uneasiness of our prosperity, deplore the *laisser faire* attitude of the average citizen, regret our broken homes and the evidences of class conflict and industrial war. But equally vaguely they wonder what they can do about it. That is where the Oxford Group comes in. It shows every man, woman, and child how they can change the things that are wrong in the world by beginning with themselves. As a newspaper man wrote of the Oxford Group:—

"It's not an institution,
It's not a point of view,
It starts a revolution
By starting one in you."

The story of how the Oxford Group originated in Oxford in 1921 and its extension through returning Rhodes scholars to South Africa in 1928 is well known. During the subsequent nine years almost every part of the British Empire has felt its influence. Canada was visited by teams representing many different types and composing a cross section of the community in two successive years, 1933 and 1934. On the occasion of their second visit, Mr. R. B. Bennett, then Prime Minister, welcomed them and stated "The work you are doing has made the task of government easier, and its influence has been felt in every village and city, even in the remotest outposts of the Dominion." In Australia and New Zealand the leading tenor of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, Mr. Ivan Menzies, in the course of his professional duties has carried the message of the Oxford Group into every sphere of public and domestic life. Mr. B. S. B. Stevens, Prime Minister of New South Wales and expert on government finance and trade questions, spoke publicly of his indebtedness to the Group, stating, "I know of no control but that control from God, practised by the Oxford Group, which can settle the relationships between any country and its competitors." Mr. Savage, Premier of New Zealand, after a conference with Mr. Menzies said, "I see in the Oxford Group the only true policy, and I promise all help to any Oxford Group pioneers who come to this country."

Alongside this advance through the Empire there has opened up during the past two years an approach into the heart of the problems of Europe. On December 6, 1933, the President of the Norwegian Parliament, addressing British Members of Parliament in a committee room of the House of Commons officially invited the Group to come to Norway. A year later they went. Within six months an Oslo editor wrote, "the mental climate of the whole country is definitely changed." By Christmas *The Times* "Review of the Year" spoke of the "astounding popular success" of the Group in Scandinavia. Four professors gave it as their verdict in a letter to the *Spectator* that "the coming of the Oxford Group will prove a turning point in Norwegian history. You have come at the strategic time with the right answer."

From Norway the popular movement spread to Denmark where seven months after the arrival of the Oxford Group 25,000 people gathered on the eve of the national election and were addressed by a cross section of the electorate speaking not for any one party, but to all parties, challenging them to give leadership on a higher level, and promising their support to bring Denmark under God's control. Business was affected, a new co-operation came between the farmers and the industrialists over matters of trade policy. Divorces were withdrawn from the courts, as the causes of incompatibility were effaced through new ideals for married life. Class feeling was lessened, as from the side of the workers leadership emerged which carried the message of the Oxford Group through factories and workshops.

DR. FRANK BUCHMAN, founder of the Oxford Group, shaking hands with a Dutch peasant woman at the National Assembly of the movement in Utrecht, Holland, at Whitsun in which audiences totalling 100,000 took part. On Dr. Buchman's left is Mrs. Snellman, whose grandfather was "the Father of Finland" and inspiration of its cultural re-birth. Behind Dr. Buchman is Dr. J. de Bordes, Secretary of the Finance Section of the League of Nations. On the right of the picture are Mr. Hvidt, supreme Court Advocate from Copenhagen, and (extreme right) Mr. Fredrick Ramm, the Norwegian who flew with Amundsen's airship expedition over the North Pole

These two great streams of world reconstruction, the one through the British Commonwealth of Nations, the other through the Scandinavian countries, met in Geneva at a luncheon given by Dr. Edouard Benes, then President of the League of Nations; 250 official delegates were present to meet the representatives of some 30 countries working on the Oxford Group team of 700 then in Switzerland. History will recognise the true greatness of that day, when a League of Nations, founded on ideals which could only operate if human nature were changed, met a positive front of nations which showed how that change was being brought about.

Herein lies the simple root of the challenge of the Oxford Group to the world to-day. Most of us in our more realistic moments deplore human nature, but can do nothing about it. The Oxford Group, while stating with Sir Stanley Baldwin that until a change takes place in human nature world affairs can take no permanent turn for the better, is demonstrating that something can be done about it. That this is the simple message of Christianity is brought out by the Archbishop of Canterbury's statement that "The Oxford Group is doing what the Church of Christ exists everywhere to do. It is changing lives." These changed lives are the only basis for a changed world, and already the outlines of a new social order are beginning to appear. On the basis of the four absolute standards of Christ, absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love new relationships are coming about in homes, schools, and industry.

Out of hundreds of stories one must suffice. The operating manager of a large fleet of tankers in America takes such an attitude to his men in the matter of wages and conditions that in the great strikes of last autumn his men refused to strike, and ran the only fleet on either coast that kept to its schedule. This harmony was obtained through the elimination of selfishness in the employer and complete openness with his men that took place after he met the Oxford Group. It is costing him 75,000 dollars yearly in increased wages which he is paying through guidance from God. He looks upon the money as an investment in the future security of America and the world.

Great Britain, the home of the Oxford Group, has been the scene of some of its most remarkable achievements. Last year in the hall of the British Industries Fair 25,000 people gathered for a National Demonstration. Among the speakers were workers from Yorkshire mills, farmers, London business men, and youth from many of the nations of Europe. Youth is on the march to-day and the youth of Britain wants to enlist for a new England, a God-controlled England.

This Easter 2,000 young men camped for a week in the British Industries Fair Buildings. This Whitsun in Utrecht, Holland, many of them marched with the youth of thirty nations, many from Scandinavia, at demonstrations attended by audiences totalling more than 100,000. A message was read from Mr. Mowinckel, former Liberal Prime

(Continued on page 589)

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JUNE 1ST Up early, and privily tried my new velvet hat and racing suit, which do become me excellently well. After breakfast, with my wife to the Races by hired motor-carriage, this costing me a tidy sum. And when we were arrived, my wife began so roundly to condemn those fashions which displeased her, that I asked if we were come to see horses or ladies' frippery. What with this, and the ill-chance that my first three horses turned out sorry, knock-kneed, short-winded laggards and loiterers, our day had been spoilt had I not bethought myself of refreshments. And after she had drunk a Gin and Tonic Water and I a Whisky with Ginger Ale—both Tonic Water and Ginger Ale being, thank heaven, of Schweppes—she regained a more level temper. Which I attribute to the cool solace and bright-bubbling liveliness of these refreshing drinks. And Lord! what a mercy to find Schweppes, and not some flat table water as dull and brackish as a mud-pond!

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

DRAMA IN MID-SEASON

Reviewed by Philip Page

THERE is a summery, sunny inconsequence about the sketches of Mr. Harry Tate that defies a heat-wave in the business sense and is in other respects thoroughly in accord with it. Mr. Charlot's third edition of his non-stop revue at the Vaudeville has indeed a sound asset in this superb comedian who, save for a brief appearance in pantomime last Christmas, has been away from the West End far too long. Except that he is seen as a cowboy, wearing, for some inscrutable reason, a bowler hat, Mr. Tate relies for the most part on familiar material.

I would not like to say how many times I have seen *Motoring* (or now many years it is since I first saw it); but the thing remains a monumental piece of fun. Although it dates from the far-off times when a ride in a motor car was an adventurous business and a breakdown regarded not only as comic but as inevitable, *Motoring* does not date much, and it is still irresistibly diverting. This is because its humour is intrinsic and because Mr. Tate is an actor as well as a buffoon. I once saw him in this sketch with the late Sir Charles Hawtrey as my companion. Suddenly Hawtrey clutched my arm so hard that it hurt. "Watch that man listening!" he said "I have never seen any actor listen so perfectly." The young idea may (but probably won't) take this tip from one who knew what he was talking about.

For the rest, there is a singer, Miss Una Mac Carlisle who is on the solemnly sentimental side, and a man who does odd things with a xylophone. Miss Patricia Leonard, who in an earlier edition performed the extraordinary feat of making a hit by singing a silly song in an interval now makes an even bigger hit by singing a clever song—"I'm throwing away my dancing shoes," written by Robert Ellison—at a more opportune moment.

"Lover's Meeting."—If Gladys Hurlbut's play at the Embassy, *Lover's Meeting*, is not exactly another *Journey's End*, it is not likely to prove one of those theatrical journeys which are apt to end in a creditors' meeting. There is one touch of the war—a man suffering from shell-shock—but it is not sufficiently prominent, well as Mr. Barry Jones plays this, the only serious part, to prevent the piece being essentially a lighthearted and sometimes rather lightheaded comedy. The story deals with hopeless passion, which whether on or off the stage, is usually hopelessly dull except for the person afflicted with it, who would welcome even dullness as a relief. But not too much is made of it. Besides, this American girl who is travelling in Europe to forget the agony of loving an ex-husband not in love with her, is not such a hopeless case after all, for she has not been in England a week before she adores the shell-shock victim. This is a shock for the ex-husband, but he, too, recovers and even offers to be present at the ex-wife-cum-shell-shock wedding and even to give the bride away, purely in the conventional and ceremonial sense.

The main burden is carried by the American girl played by Miss Gina Malo, who is one. Miss Malo made her London debut in a musical comedy and was seen recently in *Oui Your Tocs*, one of the best musical shows I ever saw, which has the added distinction of having failed twice. During part of the intervening period she went to Oxford for a course of training at the Oxford Playhouse (repertory stuff, including Shaw) and she has obviously made good use of the experience. Miss Peggy Simpson, Miss Marda Vanne, and Miss Ethel Griffies help along this amusing little piece.

MARIE NEY STARS AT THE HAYMARKET: This charming actress, whose sense of comedy goes hand in hand with a marked ability in serious parts, plays the lead with Keneth Kent in Lionel Brown's new play, *To Have and To Hold* which came to the Haymarket Theatre last Tuesday

A GARBO COIFFURE is affected by Ann Todd in *Action for Slander*, the London Film Production directed by Tim Whelan

NEWCOMERS IN AN OLD FAVOURITE: Malcolm Keen and Elizabeth Astill who have joined the cast of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, the crime play which has been transferred to the Savoy Theatre where there is likelihood of its continuance for some time

"Falstaff."—After the poor scenery and gloomy lighting of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, of which I had a few things to say last week, it was good to come across, a few nights later, Mr. Hamish Wilson's new scenery for *Falstaff*. This is quite charming, and not too conventionally ye-olde-oake-beamish. Ford's house is indeed a noble English mansion, even if the garden belongs to Verona rather than to Windsor.

The forest scene was as good a one as I have ever seen, and I would like to compel the Russian gentleman who perpetrated the alleged forest in which Golaud found Mélisande to take a good look at it and to realise what an Englishman or, rather a Scot, can do. Mr. Hamish Wilson, by the way, has done much good work for the Glyndebourne from which every traveller returns.

The performance was up to Covent Garden's highest standard. I doubt whether *Falstaff*, which is Verdi's finest opera as well as his last—he was a youth of eighty when he wrote it—will ever be popular except among musicians themselves, though it is vivacity itself and has the very breath of summer about it. Apart from the quaint spectacle of an all-Italian cast—in this case an extremely good one—trying to be funny with Shakespeare, there are no luscious tunes in *Falstaff* for the average lover of Italian opera, who likes lusciousness, to get his or her teeth into. But the virility, the gaiety, and the fine musicianship of the music are astounding. It is, of course, just the type of work which appeals to Sir Thomas Beecham who conducted it at the very top of his form.

Signor Cesare Formichi as the fat knight is a resonant singer with plenty of authority and dignity about him. But I would not call him a comedian.

"Judgment Day."—If Mr. Elmer Rice's object in writing *Judgment Day*, heavy drama which has succeeded the pottiest and least successful of farces at the Strand Theatre, was to deliver himself of anti-Nazi propaganda fierce enough to work millions up into his own state of indignation, I would say that he has spoiled a good case by over-statement. (The State in question is alleged to be "imaginary," but I can't swallow that). If he merely wanted to write a moving and consequently profitable play he has triumphed abundantly, for this will assuredly be profitable. Perhaps he wanted to do both, in which case he will have a fair measure of success with his propaganda department, particularly since he is preaching largely to the converted; besides, there are many people who so far from resenting a dose of overstatement are convinced by that method and by that method alone.

Any play with a violent political twist is intolerable if it is written by a bad dramatist or bungled by a good one (even as Mr. Bernard Shaw has been known to do on occasions). Mr. Rice is a good dramatist and he has not bungled. The result is an extremely vivid piece of work. All I hope for now is that someone else, a worthy opponent of Mr. Rice, will weigh in with an equally vivid play in which Mr. Stalin is made to figure as the Big Bad Wolf, just to make the balance true, as it were. Not that an even better play than *Judgment Day* would convince the Left Book Club and the United Fronters that there are three and not two totalitarian States in Europe, and the most totally totalitarian of the trio is that which they proclaim as the land of freedom.

(Continued on page 578)

FRANCES DAY REHEARSES A TUNEFUL NUMBER for her new starring vehicle *Floodlight*, a revue by Beverley Nichols, who is pictured accompanying her on the piano. The show opened at Blackpool for a trial run on Wednesday, and will probably come to the Saville Theatre on June 23. One of the sets depicts the eve-of-Waterloo ball in Brussels, while another feature is Wordsworth's poem *Daffodils* set to music by Mr. Nichols

Judgment Day is simple — which it should be—and rather grim, which it must inevitably be. It has, none-the-less, a happy ending, in which virtue is triumphant and vice defeated, and a touch of comedy, brilliantly supplied by Miss Freda Jackson as an Italian singer who talks and talks and talks.

Most of the action is occupied with the trial of two prisoners, Miss Catherine Lacey and Mr. Eric Barry (excellent, both of them) who have opposed the existing regime and are made to suffer the tortures of the damned during cross-examination, etc., at the hands of as highly coloured a gang of sadistic scoundrels as have ever been represented on any stage. So realistic and upsetting was their scoundrelism that I expected at any moment to see some enthusiast follow the historic example of the sailor watching a melodrama in the old Portsmouth theatre and clamber over the orchestra to knock the brutes down.

That's the sort of play *Judgment Day* is

The Blum Ballet.—Burlesque of Russian Ballet at the Coliseum (can it be that it failed because, in this era of ballet-mania, such a burlesque amounts to blasphemy?) has been followed by the real thing. The Blum company from Monte Carlo are now in full blum. The rival De Basil troupe

HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGE: June Lang, attractive American starlet, and Victor Orsatti, one of four millionaire brothers, who has gained a fortune as an actors' agent, applying for a licence in Los Angeles shortly before their marriage held at neighbouring Westwood in the presence of many notabilities of the Californian film colony

"WARNING OF LOVE" is the title of a new German film co-starring Hans Sohnker and Anny Ondra, who in private life is the wife of Max Schmeling, the heavyweight boxer and former champion who has been so much in the news of late by reason of his attempt to stage a comeback

DRAMA IN MID-SEASON

(*Continued from page* 577)

are also in London, helping, when needed, with the operas at Covent Garden, which theatre they will have all to themselves in due course. What with the Markova–Dolin combination at the King's, Hammersmith, and rumours of the advent of an entirely newly-formed gang from America, with Massine (who appears to have seceded from De Basil) at the head of it, ballet is more than ever the vogue. It is at any rate seasonable, if a little strenuous, for the performers in the hot weather.

Mendelssohn's music is a trifle naive for such an exotic growth as modernistic ballet, though he is all right when he has to deal with fairies flitting about in woods. The only novelty I have seen so far given by the Blumites was Mendelssohn's *Les Elfes*. It is not exciting (nothing connected with Mendelssohn ever is) but it is graceful and abounding in classical technique and, like certain denizens of the Zoo, has a pretty blue background. The *prima ballerina* is a new-comer, Mlle Nana Gollner, and is obviously right in the front rank; in style she is reminiscent of Karsavina. Mlle Semenova and M. Panaieff are a brilliant couple and the vastly popular *Scheherazade* owed much to M. Eglevsky's performance.

The orchestra, conducted by M. Hofmekleris, might have been better and I have no doubt that it soon will be.

"Yes, My Darling Daughter."—"All women become like their mothers; that's their tragedy" wrote Oscar Wilde. "No man does; that's his." Which may be witty or true or both or neither. But the first half of the observation has some bearing on *Yes, My Darling Daughter* a sprightly and rather naughty comedy at the St. James's. It makes, by the way, America seem a very long way off to read that this piece, by an American author, Mark Reed, has had to be given an English version by Rodney Ackland. As a matter of sheer curiosity I would like to see that original version which could hardly be more American in language and atmosphere than the brighter of our English papers, which I read thru and thru each morning

Here a young girl becomes like her mother in that she wants to enjoy a period of unw[illegible]ed bliss

MARGARETTA SCOTT TEAMS WITH CLIVE BROOK, English star of so many Hollywood successes of recent years, in the new London Film production, *Action for Slander*, which Tim Whelan is directing. Miss Scott, whose performances in Shakespeare at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre have brought her such recognition, is expected to make quite a big hit in pictures with her polished technique and admirable diction

with the man of her choice, and finds that her mother had done exactly the same thing twenty years or so before. The mother had been in those days an advanced feminist; but it is plain that politics did not occupy all her time. The part is played by Dame Sybil Thorndike, whose clever performance and keen sense of comedy could not however convince me that this woman had ever been, or could ever have been "a one." Which is by way of being a virtuous tribute.

Miss Margaret Bannerman's amusing and attractive man-hunter was much more realistic and when she was on the stage, which was not often enough, all was well. Miss Jessica Tandy made the daughter a trifle unpleasant; this was not her fault but due to the fact that a young girl probing into the past peccadilloes of her mother can never be an edifying spectacle. But her sincerity was beautifully done. Mr. Leon Quartermaine, whose lot it was to play the part of a person named Titus Jaywood, was easy and amusing, and so, in a different vein, was Mr. Evelyn Roberts.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS: *By Vernon Fane*

IT is a special gift to be able to write for children, since they are not so easily pleased as is supposed and are apt to be coldly critical of those two pitfalls, dullness and coyness. To write about children is even harder, and very, very few succeed in it. Perhaps the late E. Nesbit was one of the most remarkable authors in this sense, for she succeeded in writing children's books which are exciting for children and hilariously funny for "grown-ups." Miss Nesbit really understood children and moreover could convey that completely separate life that children live, in which only the most exceptional of parents can ever take part.

HISTORIC HOME SAVED: Grange Court, Leominster, a superb example of those seventeenth-century timber frame houses for which Herefordshire is renowned, has been freed from a threat of demolition and removal to America by the action of Sir Kingsley Wood who has for the first time exercised a new power conferred upon the Minister of Health by the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932 and intervened. It has been stated since that there was no need for such speedy action, as the sale of the place was not imminent, but even so, it is satisfactory to know that those in authority are ready and prepared to protect such fine old places as this. Grange Court was built in 1633 by John Abel who was responsible for some of the best of these structures, including Hereford Town Hall

Miss E. M. Delafield has a great deal of this quality of extra-parental understanding in her writing. The children's world has not, it seems, excluded her, as it can, so finally and irrevocably, exclude the great majority of people over eighteen. In her new novel, NOTHING IS SAFE (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), Miss Delafield tells the whole story through the mind of a little girl of ten, which does not mean that she tells it in irritating and unlikely baby talk, but from the sane and astonishingly direct point of view of an intelligent child.

Julia and her twelve-year-old brother Terry have parents who have divorced each other, and in both cases re-married instantly. The problem from the children's angle becomes, not a question of divided allegiance which is never discussed or apparently considered important, but the purely economic one of where they are to spend their holidays.

Brother and sister are devoted. The boy is highly sensitive and a little neurotic, the girl a sturdier character who plans everything for her brother's peace of mind, and uses the greatest ingenuity in arranging that he shall be left to himself, with her as his companion. It is hard work for Julia, since the grown-ups seem determined to separate them. As if three long terms a year were not enough, it is suggested that one shall spend the holidays with the mother and the other with the father.

The father has married an easy-going slut in a supposedly artistic set, and she regards them as specimens of a strange civilisation. When they are with her they are desperately bored, and even daily cinemas lose their attraction.

The mother's new husband is an army officer, cheerful, brisk and quite fatal to Terry's happiness. Terry, he decides, needs livening up. The dreaded words, "We'll make a man of him," grow weary from repetition. His games and toys are dismissed as childish, and worse, as girlish, and he is eventually driven into screaming hysteria by these admirable reforms. Julia alone can comfort him, and that only by her tacit understanding and her seeming disregard of his moods and occasional tears.

In its way this book is a powerful argument against divorce, though it remains a problem whether it would not be worse for children to live with unhappily married, bickering parents. Such questions aside. Miss Delafield has written one of her best books since that long-ago *War-workers*, which I see is not quoted in the list of her writings.

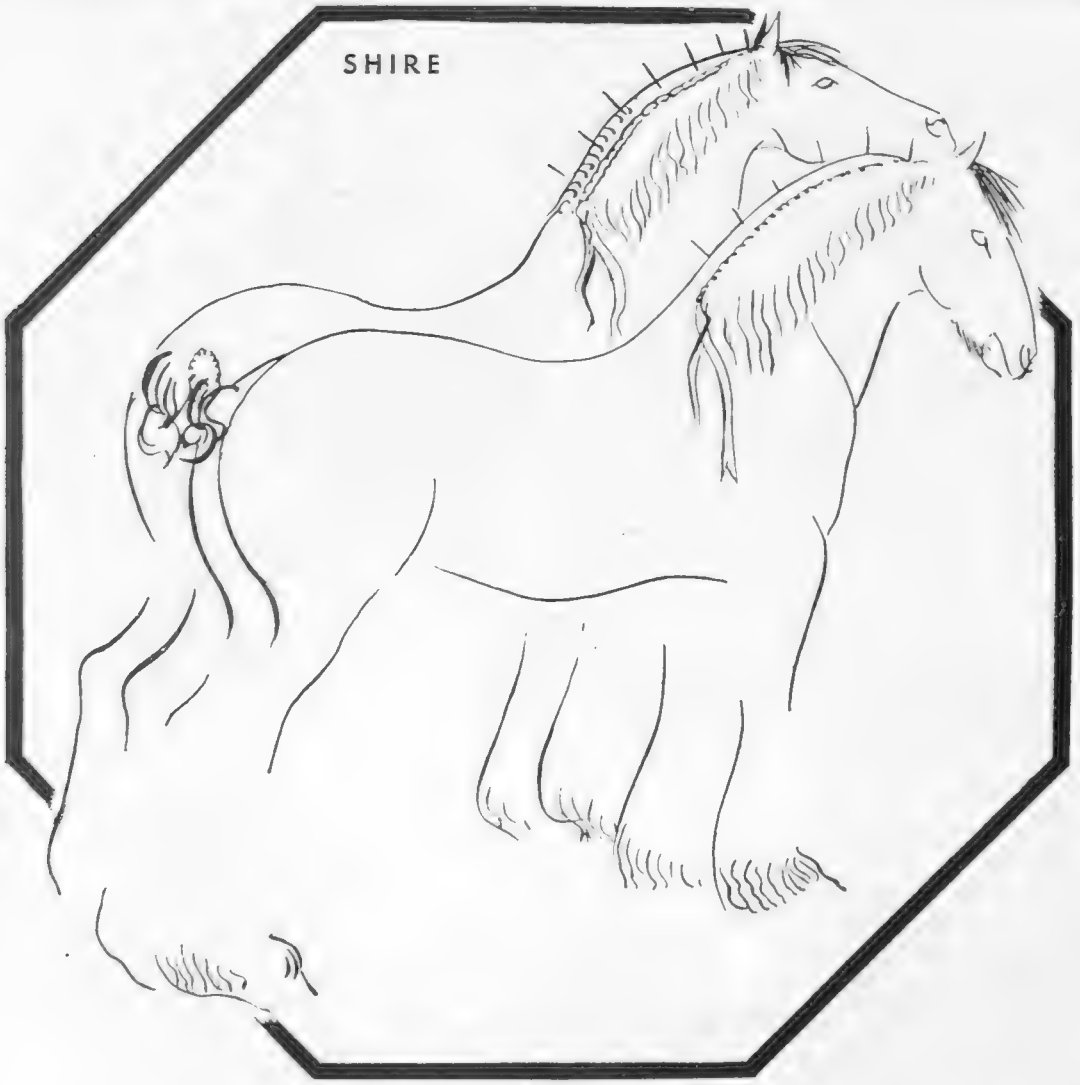
"SUNSET AT NOON" is the title of Ruth Feiner's third novel—a story of feminine ambition—which has Vienna as its setting and has just been published by Harrap. Her first book, *Cat Across the Path*, was an immense success, selling nearly 10,000 copies in this country

The recipe for the perfect week-end guest, apart from the classic ones of bringing your own cigarettes and laughing at your host's stories, would seem to be to arrive with a copy of the newest murder dossier, planned by Mr. J. G. Links and Mr. Dennis Wheatley. Their first attempt at an entirely new kind of book having been a great success, though it is said to have turned the technical staff of their publishers and printers grey with worry, they have produced another, uniform with it in size, and containing photographs, letters, actual clues in the way of railway tickets, facsimile letters, whole editions of newspapers and torn envelopes.

WHO KILLED ROBERT PRENTICE? (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.) is first of all an excellent and very amusing piece of production and very reasonably priced. For those who did not see its predecessor, *Murder in Miami*, I must explain that it is not in the form of a book but of a genuine dossier, containing all the evidence relating to a murder. It is written in typescript and, besides the unusual contents I have mentioned, also has many pseudo-police photographs, including one rather startling view of the murdered man.

As for the mystery itself, that is not impossible to solve, though the authors very ingeniously give the reader an extra problem after the identity of the murderer has been proved. The answers to these questions are in sealed pages at the end of the dossier, not to be opened,

(Continued on page 582)



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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 580)

if the reader is playing fair, until he has a solution of his own to offer.

Altogether a very diverting business, and instructive to the practically-minded amateur sleuth.

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers who, my higher-browed friends tell me, is the best living writer of detective stories, has also written something in a new manner. The love interest in such stories being generally reduced to a secondary importance, or even to a series of brief and mechanically introduced episodes at what is supposed to be public demand, Miss Sayers has written as a change "a love story with detective interruptions" in **BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.).

Lord Peter Wimsey and Miss Harriet Vane are the hero and heroine of this romance of Love Among the Clues, as one might have expected from diligent reading of Miss Sayers' earlier books. They are married in Oxford from Harriet's college and arrange to spend their honeymoon in an old Hertfordshire farm near Harriet's old home. So far Harriet has it all her own way, the Press are cheated out of a very good story (*Detective Peer Weds*, etc.), and Lord Peter with his Harriet beside him and two dozen of excellent Cockburn '96 in the back of the car drives blissfully off on his honeymoon.

Unfortunately for him, though fortunately for Miss Sayers' more conservative readers, the farm-house fittings include a Body, and the police on being called in, show an eager and slightly improbable desire for Peter's collaboration. The honeymoon therefore becomes an organised murderer search, during which Peter and Harriet spend their days in tiresome interviews, their evenings in highly intelligent speculation, and the rest of the time in poetic reminiscence.

As a honeymoon it has its points since there are none of the blank hours which a friend of Harriet's, honeymooning in a quiet Breton fishing village, had led her to expect. Activity there is in plenty, and for recreation hours of malicious village gossip to listen to, implicating everyone within a 10-mile radius. Needless to say Peter gets his man, and Harriet her honeymoon, in Spain this time.

Unlike most stories of amateur detection, which usually end at the "Inspector-arrest-that-man" stage, this one goes further—even beyond the trial, which is sketched in with heaven-sent brevity, to the night before the murderer's execution. Even here there is no death-cell scene, but Peter, suffering from a bitter sense of responsibility for a man's death, and Harriet his loving comforter.

For murder fans, I must say at once that it is a murder planned with considerable art, and that, though I suspected the right person, I had no suspicion of the method that had been used. Though the author apologises in her dedication for the "intolerable deal of saccharine" with which she has flavoured the telling, I do not think that there will be many complaints. The main thing in such matters being the ability to tell a good story convincingly, Miss Sayers seems to have succeeded brilliantly.

"He does not call himself a sailor and he dislikes to be termed a fisherman. Clad in an old jersey, slacks, and a cap, with a ridiculous little scarf tied round his throat, he will set out on a voyage of anything from 2,000 to 4,000 miles into the Arctic."

This is the trawlerman, from Hull or from Grimsby, "a race apart from all other seamen," whose fishing grounds are up in the far north off Bear Island and North Cape, and whose regular fishing weather includes days and nights of darkness, sleet, snow, fog, and perpetual rough seas. Yet he is a cheerful man, makes light of every hardship but the fog, and drinks strong tea through the worst of the weather.

THE LAST ADVENTURERS (Hurst and Blackett. 15s.) by Mr. Jerome Willis, has been written from personal experience, for the author, not content with studying the shore-life and the fishing statistics of this hardy fleet, made a journey in one of the little trawlers to the Arctic. This was one of their normal runs and gave Mr. Willis all the first-hand experience he needed, and more than most inquirers could have stomached. The Arctic seas in November are hardly a holiday, but he managed to face them on ginger ale and cheese, a mixture which he is careful to say might not suit everyone.

The chapters dealing with these direct experiences of his are by far the best things in the book. The difficulties under which the men work seem so insuperable, their good-humoured, blasphemous approach to them so courageous. It is in the sketches, half-fact, half fiction that the author is less happy. In these he is apt to make the appeal of sentimentality, to stress the "sob-stuff" angle of stories which in bare fact would have been dramatic enough.

On the whole however Mr Willis does what he sets out to do; to present the trawling fleets and their men to us with understanding and conviction.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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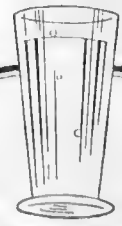

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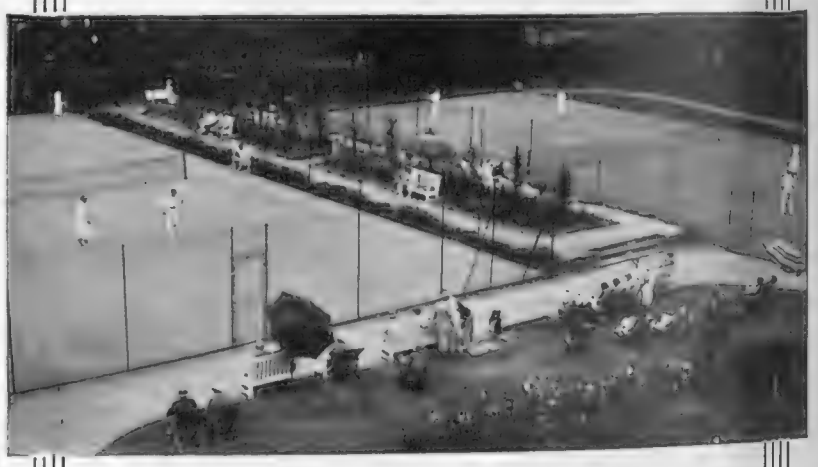

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THE MORNING DIP in the new indoor swimming pool at Vittel; one of many recent additions to the amenities of this popular French spa set in the heart of the Vosges

IT is a common saying that the Romans, and later, the monastic communities always chose the best sites in a countryside in which to settle down. In addition the first-named were notable founders of spas and among a host of others Vittel looms large among their discoveries. And, though disused for centuries, it is only a hundred years since the last signs of the Roman baths were erased.

Modern Vittel however owes its present fame to a French barrister, M. Louis Bouloumié, who, compelled for political reasons to live in retirement in the Vosges, employed his naturally acute perceptions in the study of the surroundings of his banishment. Noticing the beneficial effects of the water of the fountain of Gérémoy on the local inhabitants he decided to revive the spa under the name of the Grande Source. That was in Crimean days. Since then, either directly or from bottles, the waters of the Grande Source have been drunk by every nation of the earth.

ON THE LINKS AT VITTEL: Madame Bouloumié, who is a sister of the Mayor, playing in one of the many competitions held on the spa's golf course during the summer season

Few of those "banished" by their doctors to take the cure at Vittel can find it in them to complain of their place of exile. Indeed for the sick, whether sufferers from liver troubles, arthritis, or gout, their illness takes them to pleasant places. For many indeed what was once an urgent need has become an annual, if not strictly essential pleasure, something to look forward to through a weary winter of city fogs and smoke. The "Vittel habit" becomes as chronic as the addict once thought his gout to be.

Vittel then profits from a happy combination of circumstances. Standing on the Lorraine plateau at an altitude of over 1,000 ft., it is in the bosom of the Vosges. It is close to the Vair, a stream which soon joins the Meuse at Domrémy, the scene of Jeanne d'Arc's visions. It lies in a countryside of enchanting landscapes, and a wise administration has seen to it that the spa does nothing to outrage the woods and waters, hills and valleys, which surround it. Vittel is probably unrivalled for the number of delightful walks and motor-drives one may take from it, in duration or in variety. For instance, there are those to Contréxéville and Mandres, to the ruins of the Priory of Bonneval, or to places with such fascinating names as Viviers-les-Gras and Dombret-le-Sec. (Visitors who find difficulty in drinking their ration of water are recommended to walk to the last-named place and back without drinking by the way).

In this brief note on the surroundings of Vittel I have done the place itself an injustice by neglect. Arriving there one realises the aptness of its sobriquet, "the park spa of Europe." For Vittel spa is entirely separate from Vittel town. It lies in a superb setting of lawns, trees, and flowers which gradually blend into the surrounding countryside. The very restful appearance of this setting wins half the battle in the struggle back to complete health. Not that there is much appearance of ill-health about the visitors.

One must rise early to catch them, these real martyrs to doctors' orders. You meet them on their way from their hotels to the thermal establishment; and, following them thither, one realises the extraordinary cosmopolitan appeal that Vittel has achieved. Here is a visitor from Greece, here one from Malaya, and here some Americans.

Then there are the so-called "essential" services of the spa. They are as well grouped as they are lavish. The hydrotherapy and electrotherapy establishments and the two pump houses are all joined by a wide promenade gallery. Here, too, there is a writing-room, post office, and a gymnasium. One angle of the gallery leads to the vast palmarium. This is certainly one of the most popular spots in Vittel. A large variety of indoor games are arranged here and concerts are held if rain prevents the daily outdoor performance in the park. The large new swimming pool and its "beach" also provide a centre of gaiety. Nearby lie the grounds reserved for outdoor sports, the polo ground and hippodrome, the tennis courts, the bowling green, and of course the splendid 18-hole golf course. Surely it is almost up to the healthy members of a family to persuade one of their number that he or she requires a "cure" in order to visit such a well-planned centre for amusements and games.

A GREAT POLO CENTRE: The winners of the French Military Championship after their victory at Vittel, where the game is played in ideal conditions

But the amusements provided by the management of Vittel spa are not confined to games and concerts. The casino is the real social centre of the place. This is one of the most modern and luxurious in existence, and its restaurant and gaming-rooms are equally popular. On Saturday nights too there are galas, perhaps a visit from Lucienne Boyer or Marie Dubas, a visiting company from the Comédie Française, or a concert conducted by Bruno Walter. Needless to say there is an excellent and constantly changed programme of films. It is indeed difficult to think of anything more that civilised man could ask for.

One word about the waters themselves: one is apt to neglect them among all the distractions offered to the world-weary in the glades of this "country spa." The treatment is held by eminent doctors to be particularly suitable for people whose health has become impaired by living in tropical climates. Its efficacy in cases of arthritis, gout (and also diabetes and obesity arising from arthritic origins) has already been mentioned. The best times of year from the climatic point of view at which to take the cure are stated to be in June and September, though July and August are very popular. On this subject the Syndicat d'Initiatif issues a useful pamphlet *La Santé par l'Eau Minérale*.

A glance at the map will show how well-placed is Vittel from the point of view of seeing some of the most interesting country in Europe. It is, for instance, within comparatively easy reach of such places as Metz, where the bulk of the French army was so disastrously besieged in the war of 1870, Strasbourg now happily returned to France, and Verdun where her sons put up a resistance in the last war which will live as one of the great marvels of heroism in history. For those in particular who seek a rest before embarking upon a more vigorous holiday Vittel could not be better placed. To the north lie the battle-fields, to the south-east Switzerland, and the frontier of Germany is within a few hours drive, while the surrounding countryside has its own unique charms.

Vittel then has many and serious claims on those in search of health and pleasure combined. With its comfortable hotels, cool groves, and rich surroundings of woods and streams it is a flower among spas. Given the opportunity, it is ready to repeat the marvels of healing to body and mind to which already thousands bear witness.

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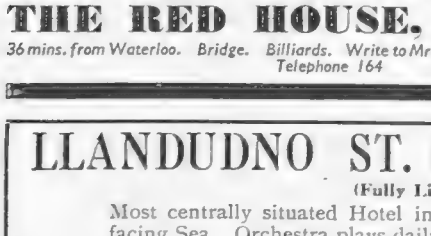

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AT the age of fourteen I was proud of the fact that I had visited fourteen of our English cathedrals. Yet though my mileage of years has been considerably added to, I am afraid my cathedral visits have become increasingly infrequent. For this confession one must blame the speed at which one lives to-day, aided and abetted by the modern car, as it is often the cause of making one attempt a mileage which will not permit of any sightseeing en route.

Last week I made a new resolution, for after all resolutions are just as easily made and broken on the first day in June as on the first of January. I would slow down, plan my sightseeing more systematically, and make better use of the many excellent hotels I know of as divisional headquarters. So there and then I sat down and with the aid of a map plotted out a scheme to visit a goodly proportion of our English cathedrals in groups, with a few abbeys, castles, and other sights thrown in.

First of all I decided to go from London to Bath, stopping en route for a meal at that very excellent renovated coaching inn I described a few weeks back, the Ailesbury Arms, Marlborough. By this plan I should pass through the centre of ancient England, and would pass Silbury Hill, Savernake Forest, and then with the wisdom born of knowledge would make for the Spa Hotel, Bath. For there I know I should be extremely comfortable, and could be sure at the end of a day's sightseeing of living for the rest of the day in a state of luxurious indolence which would be well in tune with my new resolve—a hot bath, a good dinner, a stroll in the grounds which overlook the city of Bath, and then good-night . . . indeed.

If I had happened to have arranged to take with me some Overseas visitor who was inclined to scoff at the inefficiency of our British hotels, I would feel very safe in making my headquarters the Spa Hotel, Bath, for on several occasions I have had the opportunity of witnessing how well the wheels of management revolve there under the able direction of Mr. Keyser, the manager.

And whilst staying at the Spa Hotel at Bath, I should visit Bristol and its cathedral, Wells cathedral and its lovely Close. I should also be within easy reach of Salisbury cathedral with its graceful spire, Winchester with its Norman nave, whilst even Exeter would be well within the scope of a day's motoring. But this would mean breaking my resolution, for Exeter of all cathedrals must not be hurried over, and to capture the atmosphere of Exeter past and present, I should make my next headquarters at the Royal Clarence Hotel, which is to be found in the quietude of the cathedral Close.

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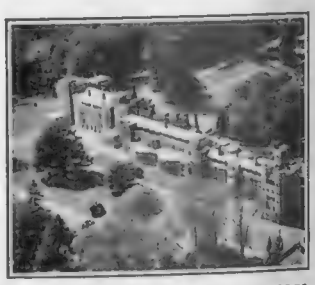

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Exeter itself or Devon as a whole. Space does not permit here to enlarge on the historical associations of this old English country hostelry. Suffice to say that the inventory of the Hogarth pictures, the pewter and armour which adorn the walls, together with a history of the Royal Clarence can be gleaned from a book of 120 pages which is available to any one caring to write for it.

There is good cheer at the Royal Clarence be it in the dining-room, the grill room, or the friendly smoke rooms, where all the "Who's Who" of Exeter will be found at some time or other.

Using Exeter as headquarters, I would visit Plymouth Hoe, Lyme Regis, and Exmouth Cob, Dartmoor, and especially the druidical hut circles and stone avenues which lie off the road between Launceston and Tavistock.

Then one day I would give the car a rest and aided by the splendid G.W.R. trains which serve Exeter, spend a day visiting Truro cathedral, making a note to go for a meal to the Red Lion, another hotel which has been brought up to date without destroying the past. Then by way of a complete diversion, I would go eastwards and take up my headquarters at the Spa Hotel, Ripon, an ideal centre from which to visit Harrogate, Jervaulx and Rievaulx Abbeys: York Minster. Durham cathedral, giving oneself plenty of time to potter around Ripon and her cathedral.

My reason for particularly wanting to stay at the Spa Hotel, Ripon, is that I have only recently "discovered" it. For some time I had seen the boards on the Great North Road telling me that the Spa Hotel, Ripon, was only so many miles, but each time I hurtled by in my car until one day I did turn off and I discovered what I had missed. It's a most attractive hotel, designed to catch every ray of sun going. Large windows, light walls, colourful furnishings, all aid the cheerful atmosphere which one feels directly one steps inside. The beautiful lawns, comfortable lounges, and excellent English fare make the Spa at Ripon an ideal halting place. One word of warning though, write or book your accommodation by 'phone, Ripon 48, for at this time of the year and onwards they are booked up. Americans in particular make for the Spa Hotel, Ripon, and they are pretty astute judges of comfortable hotels.

Of course there are certain of our cathedrals which can only be visited singly, and one which as yet I have but seen from the train is Lincoln. When I go there, I should have no hesitation in making for the White Hart. Time and time again I have heard of its super luxury. Everything to the smallest detail aims at complete comfort. Clever lighting effects, a picked staff and so on. I must hasten there quickly.

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(Continued on page 589)

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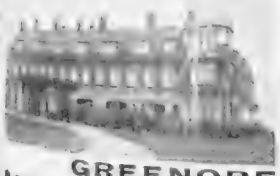

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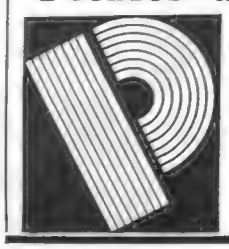

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Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
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Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
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Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel. Tel. 4457.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 291.
Heatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough.—The Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2571.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Wexbridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wexbridge.—Heath Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Crimpton Grange Hotel.
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(Figures in brackets indicate mileage from London)
Tempsford, Beds. (51)—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (81).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133)—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Tel. 2.
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Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

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Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Queen's Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Wimbledon Hall Hotel.—The Downs, Wimbledon.

SCOTLAND
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchtubh Hotel. Tel. 3.
Oniich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.

WALES
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tenby.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND
Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC.)
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE
Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS
Jersey, First's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey, Pomme Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey, St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

(Continued from page 587)

our cathedral towns have retained much of their past, the leading hotels have developed with the times. For example, the Grosvenor at Chester is very first class. At Chichester I always go to the Dolphin, an hotel on which Trust Houses Ltd. have spent a large sum of money. At Norwich I would go to the Maid's Head, and at Canterbury (an hotel I have on my list to visit) the County.

So far so good. When these present routes have been completed, it will be time enough to plot afresh.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

B.T.L. (Holland Park). I am glad you were interested in my article on hotels where Royalty have stayed. With research one could almost write a book on them. You are right about the hotel at Sidmouth. On a tablet affixed to the front of the Royal Glen Private Hotel at Sidmouth is the following:—

In 1819-20
This House then called Woolbrook Glen
was occupied by the
DUKE and DUCHESS OF KENT
and the
INFANT PRINCESS VICTORIA
who became
QUEEN OF ENGLAND and EMPRESS OF INDIA
It was also visited by
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES in 1856
and by
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH in 1881

Incidentally this hotel is a very comfortable one with a very definite country-house atmosphere. It is worth making a note of should you be going that way.

C. T. R. (Dorset) wishes to know of an hotel—not the luxury type—suitable for the Glyndebourne Opera. I have suggested the Woodside Hotel and Country Club near Hailsham, Horeham Manor Hotel, Horam, and the Birch Hotel, Haywards Heath.

H. C. T. (Aldershot) writes to ask where he may find a country hotel with facilities for riding, golf, and tennis. I have recommended Brimpton Grange Hotel, Wheatley, near Oxford. There he will find all he desires in the way of recreation and delightful scenery; only seven miles from the Chiltern Hills and a convenient centre for Oxford and the most beautiful parts of the Thames Valley. Farther afield are the Cotswolds which can be clearly seen from the hotel.

B. N. (Norfolk) is planning a holiday in Somerset or Devon. He likes comfort, the pursuits of the country, and a country-house life. I can suggest the ideal spot for him, Woodcote Hotel, Dulverton, Somerset. There he can get trout fishing and excellent riding.

G. T. L. (Sheffield) is going to the Channel Islands this summer, and asks my advice on where to stay. I have recommended St. Brelade's Bay Hotel, Jersey, where he can have boating, motoring, fishing, riding, and walking to his heart's content.

Mrs. E. (Edgbaston).—Wishes to find a small hotel on the south coast of Cornwall where there is safe sea-bathing, fishing, and if possible, golf. I have suggested the following:—Whitsand Bay Hotel, Crafthole, near Plymouth, and Coverack Headland Hotel, Coverack, the Lizard.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay has just returned from visiting hotels in "the heart of Scotland." Next week he will describe some of his findings. He is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

THE RE-BIRTH OF AN EMPIRE

(Continued from page 574)

Minister of Norway, expressing his enthusiastic agreement with the formation of a "Spiritual Oslo Pact." (He was the originator of the political Oslo Pact which is being discussed this month between Holland and the Scandinavian countries). Millions took part indirectly through radio, press, and films. As a result of such super-national invasions in more than fifty nations the word "Oxford" is indelibly associated in the minds of millions with ideals of the highest patriotism and self-sacrifice for remaking the world. Where the Englishman says "Not cricket," thousands say "Not Oxford." This is the new super-national public opinion for which statesmen are looking.

Gathered in Britain this summer are the delegates of the Empire to the Coronation. Among them are many who believe with Earl Baldwin that the future of the Empire lies in giving spiritual leadership to the world. The Oxford Group aims to enlist all those who share this conviction. Its challenge to us all is—when do we enlist by putting our lives under God's control?

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A most urgent appeal is made by the Society for funds to assist them in their great work of training 1,100 poor children to become useful men and women. The boys in the Society's Homes are trained for civil employment and those in the Training Ship *Arethusa* for the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy, whilst the girls are trained for domestic service. Will you help this great work of caring for young children? All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

"AD PORTAS" AT WINCHESTER: The picturesque scene in Chamber Court as seven Wykehamist Judges were received at the gates of Winchester College with the 300-year old ceremony of *Ad Portas*—an honour reserved for distinguished personages and accorded in the past to such notabilities as King George V, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Selborne. Latin speeches were exchanged between the Prefect of Hall and the senior of the visiting Judges, Lord Thankerton (Lord of Appeal in Ordinary) who is seen in the centre of the above group with Sir Boyd Merriman (President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division), Mr. Justice Talbot (King's Bench Division), Mr. Justice Bennett, Mr. Justice Crossman, Mr. Justice Farwell and Mr. Justice Simonds

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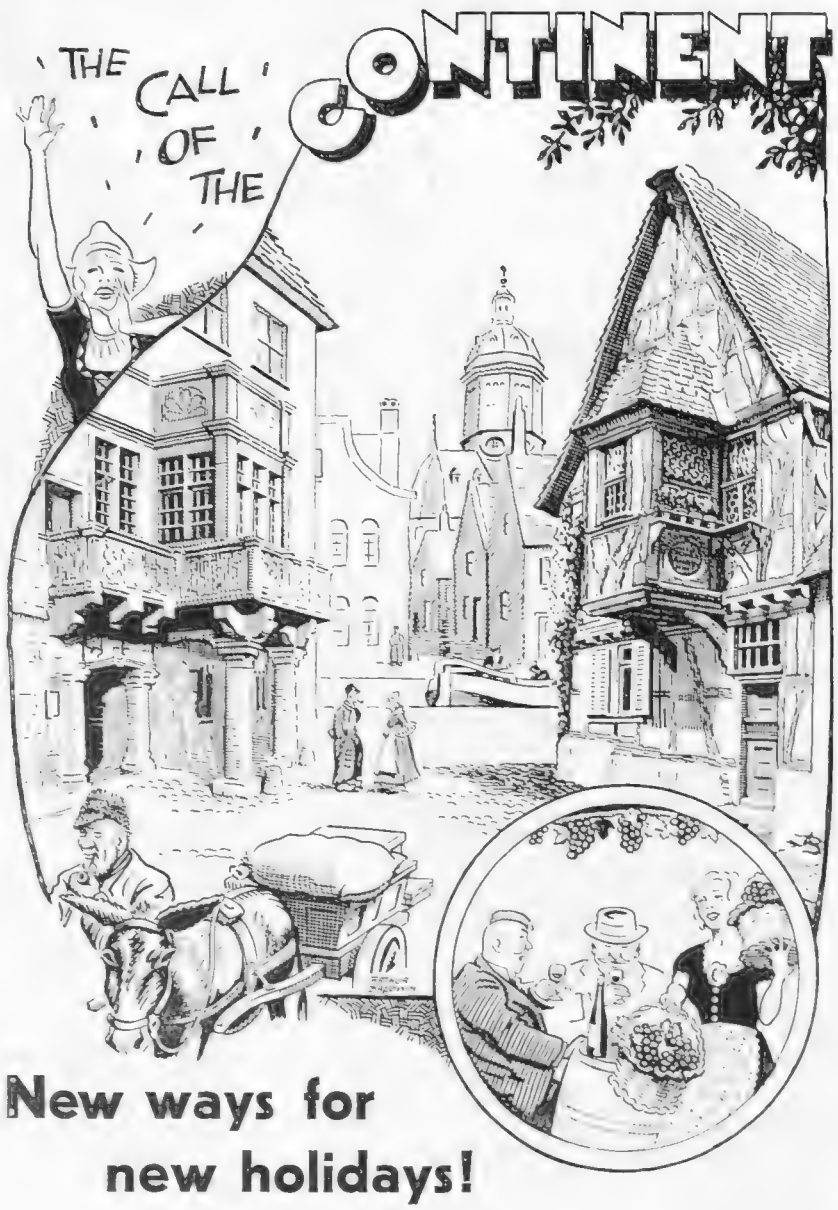

New ways for new holidays!

If you have never met the Dutch in their own land, followed the mighty Rhine until you reach the Black Forest, or gazed upon the tremendous snow-clad peaks of the mountains of Austria, or Switzerland, you have yet to learn how fair and how friendly the world can be.

Nor can anything equal the flashing beauty of the Italian lakes or the flowers and brilliant colours of the Dolomites.

And if you would meet with living history, there are the ancient Scandinavian cities where the past still lives, and the smaller towns of Bavaria and Austria, where bygone days are still represented in colourful national costumes.

Such a choice may be bewildering, especially when one remembers that France, Belgium, and the Riviera in particular, claim your attention.

Turn your face towards the Continent and discover these treasures yourself this year, and don't forget that a Continental Holiday in 1937 costs about 25 per cent. less than last year.

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For all information apply Continental Departments LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes), or VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or any Station, Office or Agency of the Great Western ; London Midland & Scottish ; London & North Eastern or Southern Railways.

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WEST COUNTRY ART TREASURES

Bristol Organises an Enthralling Exhibition of Locally owned Painting.

Lent by Lord Strachie

Lent by the Earl Waldegrave

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PERSONALITIES IN PORTRAITURE: *Left*—Robert Clive by Nathaniel Dance, R.A. and (*right*) Horace Walpole, 4th Earl of Orford and noted man of letters, by Jonathan Richardson the elder, the artist who succeeded Kneller and Dahl in the patronage of the public as a portrait painter. These two canvases are among the many works of distinction in the Art Treasures of the West Country exhibition now being held at the Royal West of England Academy Galleries, Bristol

A CONSTABLE CONVERSATION PIECE: "Mr. and Mrs. Bridges of Lawford, Essex, and family" is the central exhibit in Gallery III at the Art Treasures of the West Country exhibition. The eight children—two sons and six daughters—are grouped round a spinet

Lent by C. G. W. Blathwayt

THOMAS KILLIGREW, DRAMATIST: William Sheppherd's portrait of his patron one of the best-known playwrights at the time of the Restoration and a loyal servant of Charles II, to whom he was at one time Groom-in-waiting. The picture was painted in Venice in 1650

Lent by Bristol Corporation

LORD CLARE, BY GAINSBOROUGH: The subject of this portrait was a great Bristol figure, representing the city in Parliament from 1754-74. He was married three times—twice to rich widows—thus prompting Horace Walpole to coin the word "Nugentise"

OLD families have disappeared, great houses have been pulled down and their contents dispersed to enrich the collections of others living far afield, but even so a great wealth of works of art still remains in the West Country, and one has only to visit the exhibition at the Royal West of England Academy Galleries in Bristol to learn that this is true. Since Tudor days, indeed, noblemen and connoisseurs in this part of England have been lavish patrons of art, not only helping painters of local repute but bringing home treasures from abroad. Thus it is that the present display lacks nothing in variety, including the works of renowned artists of the calibre of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens, Holbein, Hogarth, Zoffany, Bronzino, and Raphael, which have been lent for the occasion by their owners, who all have residences within the boundaries of Somerset, Gloucestershire, and adjoining counties. The West Country is indeed a region with a great artistic tradition and it is only fitting that it should once again be recognised at this exhibition which has been organised with such good taste by local experts and is attracting a deserved share of attention

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Sunday, August 22nd:

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F. André, Managing Director. Same management as Casino Municipal, Cannes.

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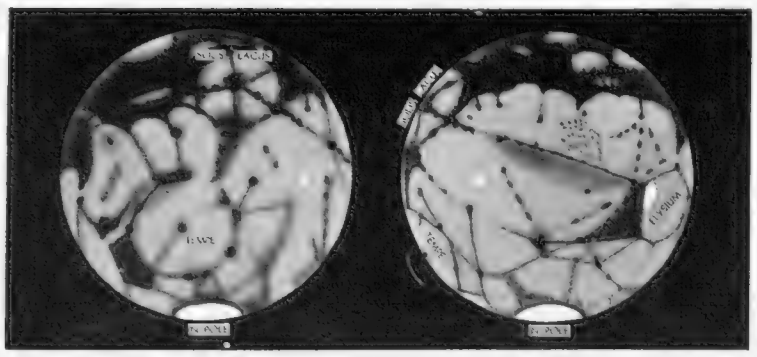


CHARTING A NEW WORLD: These sketch-maps show the principal features of Mars which have been discovered, but it must be understood that not all these details are ever seen at one time, an actual view in the telescope being generally disappointing. If, however, each formation which is repeatedly glimpsed is plotted down we begin to understand what data regarding the planet astronomers are really working on. *Left*—Two characteristic cartwheel formations, known as Tempe and Solis Lacus, the latter of which has a central spot with five radiating arms. *Right*—The Elysium formation and its remarkable "canal" linking it with Solis Lacus

THE HABITABILITY OF MARS— WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

Its Present Nearness to the Earth—An Event that Occurs About Every Twenty-six Months—Once Again Challenges Our Curiosity

WHOEVER you are it often happens that somewhere or other you may have a double, though you may never meet; similar appearances suggest an almost equal identity, but critical comparison always reveals wide differences. Similarly, in outer space, we may look for and find a planet which at first sight seems just like the world over again—the planet Mars. Much has been said in years gone by about the habitability of Mars. What are the facts? Towards the end of May this year the planet was once more in opposition—now to be seen in a southerly direction in the night sky—an event which occurs about every two years and two months, so it is timely to reflect upon what is actually known about this mysterious planet.

In some ways its similarity to the earth is striking. It is the only planet which is neither gaseous nor liquid, nor utterly barren, whose solid surface which we can see has fairly fixed and definite markings. It has even an atmosphere, like our own earth, and though the Martian year is nearly two of our years in length, Mars has, oddly enough, a 24-hour day like us, and its axis is inclined in the same way, giving summer and winter as we know them. When we come to look more critically, not at the similarities but at the differences, we find that conditions of life there are not identical with ours. The planet is much smaller than the earth, its diameter being 4,200 miles, compared with the earth's 7,900 miles; the force of gravity at the surface is only one-third of ours, and this means—if we were transported there—that instead of being able to jump with an effort a distance of 20 ft. we should be able to jump 50 ft. with ease.

The atmosphere of Mars is nothing like the density of the earth's and is much more rarefied; the atmospheric pressure is actually less than one-quarter of ours, but this alone does not make life impossible because humans can live in a pressure of half an atmosphere, and taking into account evolutionary adaptation, the differences are not insuperable.

Being farther off the sun, Mars receives a good deal less sunshine, but the thinness of the atmosphere rather compensates for this and day temperatures are thought to reach 50 deg. Fah. Night temperatures however must be very low, as low it has been said as 144 deg. of frost. In view of these facts, are we justified in talking about life on Mars? If by life we mean vegetation of some sort then it is quite reasonable. Whether any animals, or anyone like humans exist there we do not yet know; there is no valid reason why they should not exist, and that is what makes the subject so interesting, though we must be prepared to visualise such creatures as having evolved in a different way from us, and as having in all probability to live mainly indoors or underground, to avoid the fierce extremes of their climate.

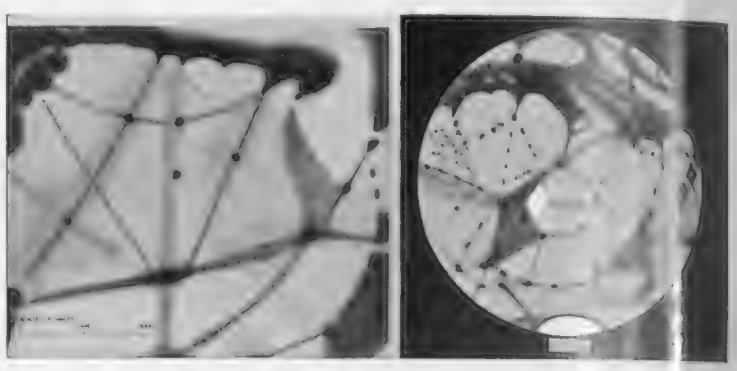
When such a topic of first-class interest still lingers on it may well be wondered why any doubt is still allowed to continue. The real reason is that the whole disc of Mars is no larger than a small crater on the moon, and details are difficult to make out because they are so small and far away. Under favourable conditions a small telescope will show one or other of the polar caps, which vary in size according to the progress of the Martian winters, and also some of the principal dark markings on the surface of the planet; but only the largest telescopes can reveal the mass of surface detail.

It is this detail which when built up on a map proves to be so weird and intriguing, so challenging and at the same time so inexplicable. Nothing quite like it has ever been seen before or can be seen elsewhere. The greater part of the globe is a bright yellowish-orange upon which are found large dusky green areas, mainly in the southern hemisphere, which are of an obvious and permanent character. What is not so obvious, and can only be glimpsed at times, are the long straight lines, joining point to point on the surface, which are called the canals of Mars, though they are not actually canals in the ordinary sense.

For forty years or more considerable controversy has raged over their appearance. In America, Professor Lowell, a generation ago, elaborated a theory that they were a system of communication constructed by intelligent beings.

What everyone would like to know is whether a closer examination of this mysterious planet would give us definite knowledge of intelligent beings whose possible existence all factors seem to suggest.

Meanwhile every other year Mars comes near us in the night sky, and over a troubled world its reddish light casts a mute challenge to our curiosity. In a few more decades perhaps some of the mightiest of modern equipment will be turned to the task of elucidation.



THE "CANALS" OF MARS: Two more maps based on astronomical findings, one of which shows in closer detail the remarkable system of long straight lines or "canals" whose origin and purpose continue to puzzle astronomers.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-renownd ht. of the Aust. Alps. 60 m. from Vienna. Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15s. up.

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BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

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Pavillon Eden Roc.
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Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with M. Carlo & Menton. Tns., swm. pl. 15 acs. p. pk., incl. fm. 70 frs. with bth. fm. 85 frs.

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Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Incl. fm. 65 frs. With bath fm. 80 frs. Open all year.

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GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class family hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

GERMANY—*continued.*

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Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

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Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

GERMANY—*continued*

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Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof. —Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zahringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district. Thoroughly first-class. 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

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Garmisch Partenkirchen. — Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost. —The hotel for personal service, comfort, and refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7-9.

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Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz. —First class. Central situation. 150 rooms, 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich. — Park Hotel. — Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

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Walchensee.—Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pension from 7 Mks.

GERMANY *continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens fr. Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring. Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

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A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth while when one is in Germany. This year, however, in view of the Coronation, Hanover is of particular interest to English people.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain, which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

THE PASSING OF JEAN HARLOW: The twenty-six-year-old Hollywood star and first "platinum blonde" of the screen whose early death has robbed the film world of one of its most vivid and robust personalities. Her first big part was in the air-war spectacle *Hell's Angels*, and later she had a series of successes in such pictures as *China Seas*, *Dinner at Eight*, *Blonde Bombshell*, and *The Man in Possession*, for the most part portraying characters with an incredible command of vituperation and rapid "wisecracking" speech

BRITAIN'S FILM INDUSTRY

(Continued from page 552)

operate. Some of these "quickies" were so bad that the exhibitors resorted to all kinds of dodges to avoid spoiling their programmes. For instance, they would run them in the mornings only and so on. None the less the industry did make strides, although handicapped at the outset by a great influx of second-rate American stars. Thus the industry learnt that it had to have real stars, whether American or British.

That discovery made them begin the making of longer and better films and by degrees there grew up a network of studios designed on modern lines. One has only to think of the British-Gaumont Studios at Shepherd's Bush, of the studios at Ealing, Elstree, and elsewhere—such studios, for instance, as Sound City and Teddington—to realise that even if we did not understand all about the business yet, there was at least plenty of accommodation for the production of films. Then Korda's Denham studios, followed quickly by Pinewood, seemed at one stride to put the whole industry on its feet. He and others produced films which gave the Americans some nasty jolts. They have not got over *Henry VIII* yet (this of course was made before the big "London" studio at Denham was built).

In the meantime there were springing up great renting houses and chains of theatres. The figure of John Maxwell had been steadily growing in importance. The little silent solicitor from Scotland who now owns a chain of theatres which runs into hundreds and who at Elstree, in the matter of production, has pursued a steady if not sensational policy. It is to John Maxwell that the British industry is largely looking to-day.

Then a general collapse. The reasons for it are plain enough to the informed, but it is both unnecessary and unwise to analyse them at the moment.

The chaos is, however, once again being sorted out into order. There is more in Korda's tie-up with United Artists than at present meets the eye. And the fact that he is taking out English naturalisation papers sets at rest the idea that he proposes to desert the British industry.

In any case, we have learned much. We have during the last ten years discovered a number of useful British stars, scenario writers, studio manager directors, art directors, camera men, and so on. In fact, we have to-day ready to hand all the personnel required to build up the British industry if only it is given the necessary protection. The first step will have to be legislation to prevent the creation of a mass of films merely to represent a required quota on the production side, even if they are permanently locked up in safes and never exhibited. And the next thing to do is to find the money to produce films which we can fairly trade with the Americans. After all, we are now in a position to say, "We will not show this unless you show that." We have had too many American films. It is a fact that the British see more American films than the Americans do themselves, because, while some American films are made in certain States for consumption in those States alone, we get every American film made flung into London.

We shall have to start making £30,000 to £50,000 films which the Americans must not only buy but be compelled to show. In fact, it is going to be a stiff fight, but guaranteed that measure of protection—and protection is the word—to which the British film industry is entitled, we may before long be in a fair way to deal with America in the gate.

WHENCE ALL HAD FLED: When this house in Brunswick Square, Bloomsbury, crashed to the ground last week, Miss Mary Clare, the actress, her daughter Anne, and three other women occupants had astonishing escapes, just managing to reach safety on receiving a warning from a building foreman working nearby. Despite the shock she sustained, Miss Clare insisted afterwards on going to the St. Martin's Theatre and playing her part in the play, *The Ship Comes Home*

International Jumping at Olympia

THERE is no question that the International Horse Show to be held at Olympia from June 17 to 26 is going to be one of the outstanding features of this Coronation season. This will be the twenty-fifth Show and, this time, the Governments of eight countries have entered their best teams to compete in the jumping. The chief of these leaping events are the tests for the Edward Prince of Wales Cup, to be decided on Monday afternoon, June 21, when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will be present, and the King George V gold trophy, the premier award for the officer of any army who makes the cleanest round.

INFORMATION. Swiss Railways & State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent Street, S.W.1, Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents.

Visit the SWISS EXHIBITION — Union House, Lower Regent St., S.W.1. Open Weekdays until June 19:—10.30 a.m.—10 p.m. (Sat. 6 p.m.) Admission Free.

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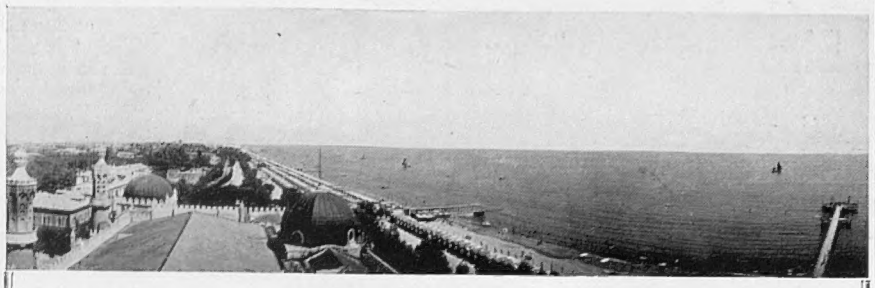

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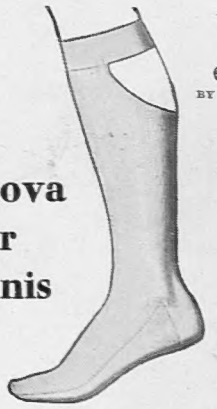

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More Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Hitherto Unpublished MSS. Pass Through a London Sale Room

WHEN the love letters which had passed between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning were first published there were many who thought they were too intimate, and that their privacy should have been respected. But the son of the two poets decided that they were too beautiful to be destroyed and the reading public was enriched by a deeper knowledge of the rare beauty of a marvellous love story.

Now some further letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning have just passed through the sale rooms of Messrs. Sotheby—hitherto unpublished, having remained in the hands of the Barrett family. The interest aroused in the family life of the Barretts of Wimpole Street, due to the vivid representation of that unique household in the recent play, makes these letters of peculiar fascination, for they were written by the poetess to her brother, George, and her favourite sister, Arabel.

George, to whom fifty-seven of these letters were written, was the fourth of the eight sons of Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett, and the one who took the leadership among all the other brothers and sisters. They used to tease him about his sense of importance, but were nevertheless very proud of his talents. He had been called to the Bar after obtaining a brilliant degree at Glasgow, and was, probably on account of his financial independence, the only one who ever ventured to dispute any action of the formidable Mr. Barrett. It was he who braved his father over the projected trip to Italy which the doctor had recommended for Elizabeth, saying that a winter in a sunny climate might cure her. Mr. Barrett was as indomitable as ever—he had known of the plans and preparations, but had remained silent, and now he merely stated that Elizabeth might go if she desired, "but it would be under his heaviest displeasure." That, of course, settled the matter, and Elizabeth remained. "It is decided that I remain in my prison," she wrote.

The most remarkable of the letters in the sale was to George, written under great stress of feeling, before her departure with Robert Browning. In it she explained to the brother the reasons for her action and its secrecy—so that they might all be able to say that they were ignorant of what she was going to do.

She was afterwards surprised that George, who had previously expressed his liking for Browning, should have shown such misunderstanding and disapproval, as he at first did. However he was not of the substance of a marble rock, as was his father, and when the Brownings paid their first visit to London, five years after the memorable flight, George visited them and full reconciliation took place.

Arabel, to whom the bulk of the letters offered for sale were written, was the younger of Elizabeth's two sisters and the one who was most dearly loved, though of both sisters Elizabeth could write "both my sisters have been faultless in their bearing towards me." Whatever she may have felt Arabel never dreamt of rebellion against the edicts of "Papa," and remained in the Wimpole Street house busy on good works, overworking herself, as Elizabeth said, with "schools, and refuges, and societies." Elizabeth considered she needed a new kind of atmosphere, and brighter society. "Her own resources are of a somewhat gloomy character. It has been partly necessary and partly her own fault." Elizabeth longed to have her out to Italy, but, of course, that was impossible.

Arabel undoubtedly did good social work, founding a refuge for destitute girls, the first of its kind—other happiness lay in the visits of Elizabeth to London, when even "Papa" could not prevent her visiting "Ba" daily. She was a great favourite with the Brownings, so much so that when his beloved wife died, Browning, who at once left Italy with his little boy and came back to London, chose a house near to where Arabel was then living so that he could visit her every day. She was a solace to him in the soreness of his loss—he could talk to her of the one whom they had both adored, who had died in his arms, quite peacefully, smiling and murmuring "beautiful."

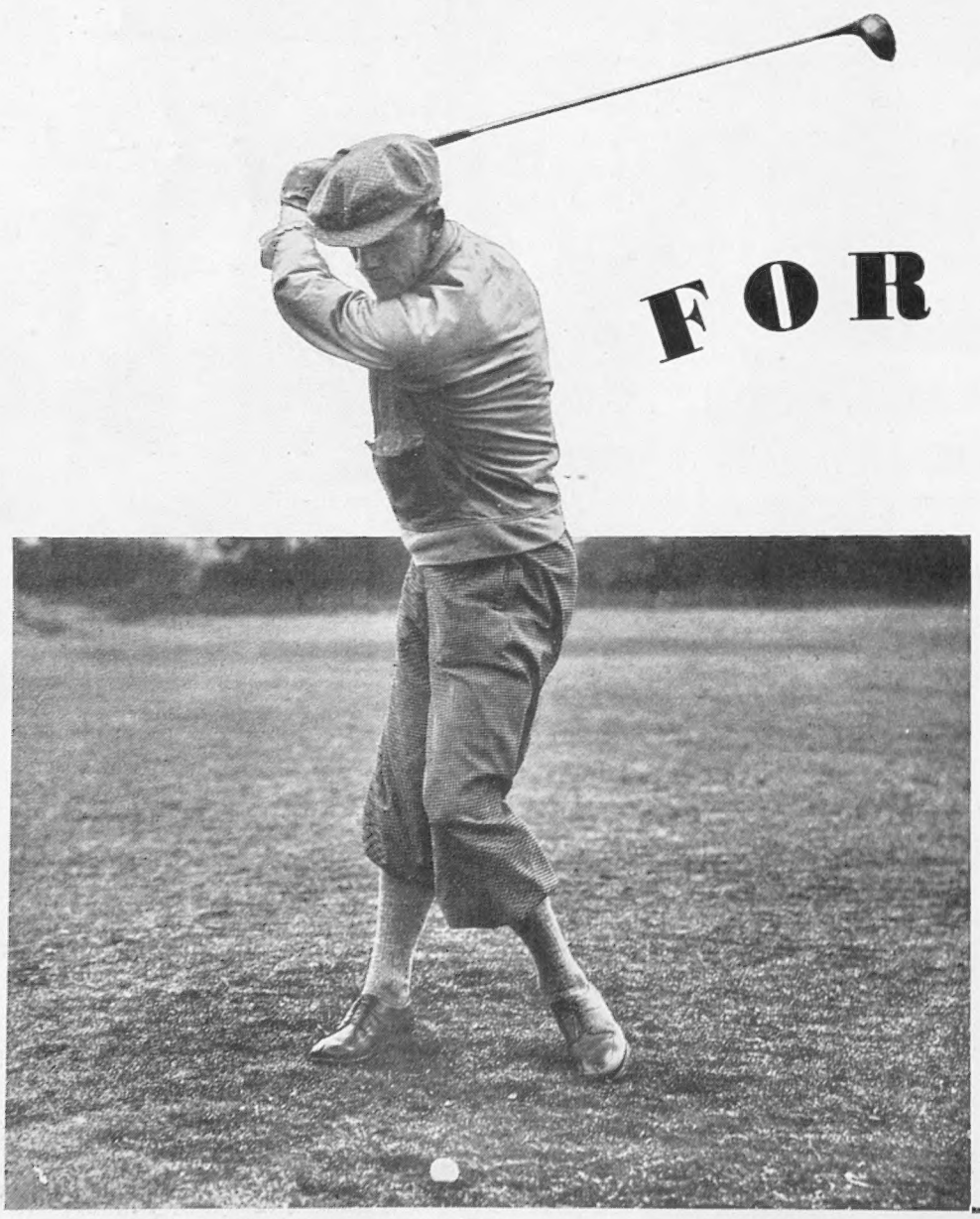
The elder sister, the gay and lively Henrietta, followed Elizabeth's example, and left home to marry Captain Surtees Cook, after a secret engagement of five years. Papa ordered Henrietta to give up all idea of this marriage or to leave his house at once—she chose the latter alternative, and wrote to "Ba" glowing with happiness. "I hope I shall be as happy as you, Ba." She lived in Taunton, and had three little daughters during her short married life of ten years. She used to come to London whenever Elizabeth arrived there, staying somewhere close at hand, to be able to drop in every day. Of course she, too, had been treated by the autocrat of No. 50, Wimpole Street, in like manner with Elizabeth, having also disgraced her family by marrying a perfectly honourable young man.

But upon the question of marriage Mr. Barrett was beyond all reasoning. "You might as well think to sweep off the stars with the motion of your eyelashes. He would rather see me dead at his feet than yield the point", said Elizabeth to Robert, to whom she endeavoured to explain her father's peculiarity—an "obliquity—an eccentricity or something beyond—on one class of subject."

These family letters are not scholarly epistles, nor are they sparkling with brilliant wit or caustic humour as those of Jane Welsh Carlyle, but they are full of charm bringing before the reader something of the pure delicate radiance which was the special quality and essence of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

B. H.

LONDON'S NEW £350,000 THEATRE: The architect's plan for the new Prince of Wales's Theatre, showing it as it will appear when completed this August. Like its predecessor of the same name it will be a home of non-stop revue but will be twice the size and will be better equipped



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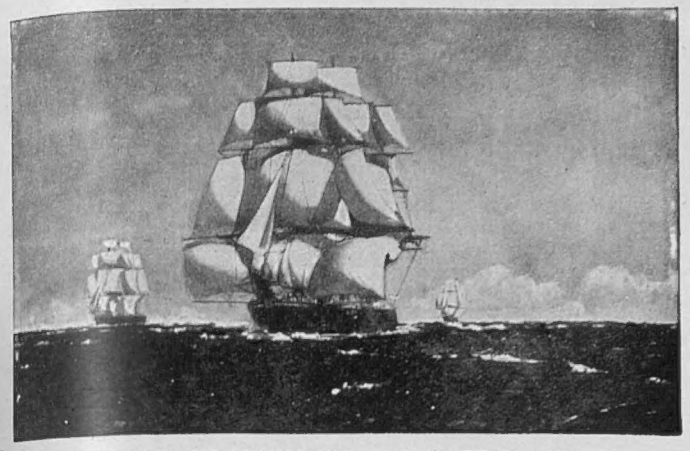
"A SQUADRON OF THE OLD SCHOOL"



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